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Max Lerner: Part-time President?

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THE THIRD ACT OF A TRAGEDY

Early last week, a group of sombre and uneasy men met in Paris. They were the members of the French cabinet. Before them was a precise, detailed and terrifying document: a report on the military situation in Algeria. Although, the report began, there were 330,000 troops in action in the North African territories, they could no longer guarantee security even in the Algerian littoral. In the department of Oran, the authorities had lost control of two-thirds of the territory. In Constantine, rebel activity had now made travel impossible, except on main roads in daylight. The possibility of rebel incursions into Algiers itself could not be ruled out.

The crux of the report, however, lay in its request that all native troops be withdrawn from action and replaced by French units. Here, in one sentence, was the reason why France is losing Algeria, despite the million whites who dominate it politically and economically, despite the concentration camps and police excesses, despite the "full mobilisation of France's resources" which Guy Mollet proclaimed so theatrically last week. In the past, France has imposed her will on the peoples of North Africa by exploiting their divisions. French dominance over the Arabs of the towns and plains has been maintained by mobilising their historic enemies - the Arabs and berbers of the hills. But now, at long last, the system is breaking down. Something is stirring in the ranks of those formidable regiments - the *zouaves*, the *goums*, the *tabors* - which were once the backbone of French imperialism. It is a sense of national unity, which a hundred years of colonialism has concealed but could never finally eradicate. The struggle against a common enemy is now bridging the deep divisions of race. The new spirit first appeared in Tunisia; then in Morocco. When El Glaoui, the most powerful highland chieftain of them all, surrendered to the nationalists last autumn, he was simply bowing before an accomplished historical fact. Now the movement has spread to Algeria.

It is in this context that the new proposals of the French should be examined. France, M. Mollet announced, is prepared to hold free elections and negotiate a new settlement with Algerian representatives - but only after the fighting has ceased. Chateaubriand said of the Bourbons: "They have forgotten nothing. They have learned nothing". The lessons not only of Indo-China, but of Tunisia and Morocco, have been deliberately ignored. The Algerians are to be asked to surrender in return for a promise which, on the basis of past experience they suspect will be broken. M. Mollet's surrender to the *colons* is thus a cold, systematic and brutal reversal of the policy on which he, and M. Mendes-France, fought and won the elections. Not only will it fail in its object: it will also destroy - has, indeed, already largely destroyed - that faint flicker of hope which the Republican Front raised among the French people and her friends abroad. The tragedy of Algeria will also become another act in the tragedy of France.

We in Britain, of course, can simply shrug our shoulders and continue to regard France with the melancholy distaste which has now become habitual. But, in a very real sense, what is happening in Algeria concerns us also. When Russia offered to sell arms to Egypt last autumn, the balance of world power changed. For the first time in history the Russians entered the Middle East - and with it the Arab world. If France continues in her blind folly, if America continues to support her for the sake of "Atlantic unity", if Britain continues to observe that discredited maxim "the colonial powers must stick together", then the Algerians will be driven, inevitably, to seek help from the one power able enough, willing enough, and ruthless enough to provide it.

COMMENTS ON THE NEWS

THE GREAT DEFENCE MUDDLE

The 1956 episode of the Great Defence Muddle runs true to form. Neither the new White Paper nor Sir Walter Monckton's statement last week, shows any sign that the government has answered any of the questions which its White Paper on H-bomb warfare raised last year. Has an effective ground-to-air defence missile been developed? No. Nor has the government succeeded in obtaining full details of similar American experiments. Have we, alternatively succeeded in producing a supersonic fighter whose margin of speed over Russian long-range bombers is sufficient to guarantee at least some protection? No. The tragedy of the fabulously expensive Hawker Hunter still drags on; it is now air-worthy, but still not operational, and its speed is only slightly greater than that of Russian bombers already in mass production. Thirdly, has a civil defence master plan been worked out against a hydrogen bomb attack? No. The Ministry of Defence has discovered - on what calculations Sir Walter did not reveal - that 12 million people will have to be moved in the event of such an attack; but it has not yet been determined where, or by what means, they are to be moved, or even whether their chances of survival will be increased by the operation.

The catalogue of inefficiency in government defence policy does not end here. Sir Walter could not explain why work is still being pursued on three different V-type bombers, despite the fact that one is of proven value and another already officially classified as obsolescent. Nor could he explain why the Navy - which fought yet another successful rearguard action over estimates - continues to maintain, and even increase, an enormously expensive fleet of aircraft carriers although it possesses no modern operational aircraft. Again, the call-up, it appears, will be abolished - but not until immediately before the next election. Meanwhile, no progress has been made in recruitment, and Sir Walter could express only a pious hope that the new pay-rates would achieve the desired effect. Perhaps the most disturbing feature of Sir Walter's speech was the hint that the government is now developing a new military philosophy - euphemistically called "the graduated deterrent" - which it hopes will resolve the basic inconsistencies in its defence policy. The assumption is that the West will be able to use tactical atom weapons as a deterrent without invoking, in reply, the ultimate sanction of the H-bomb. From this springs the conclusion that limited "sub-hydrogen bomb" wars are still a military and political possibility.

The Labour Party should vigorously expose such wishful thinking, not only because it is based on wild hypotheses as to Russia's future intentions, but also, and more important, because it removes the sense of urgency which now surrounds the problem of disarmament. There is some reason to think that in recent weeks the government has become more aware of the utter financial and economic impossibility of providing an adequate defence system for Britain; and this has resulted in a re-appraisal of the prospects of disarmament. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is said to have moved rather closer to the more optimistic views held by M. Moch, who leads the French delegation on the disarmament sub-committee; and, if this suggestion is born out by events when the sub-committee meets again, there is a real chance that some progress can be made. Labour's first task, therefore, while continuing to expose the government's shortcomings in the details of defence planning, should be to reiterate that effective defence is now beyond our means, and that disarmament is the only alternative to annihilation.

TRAINING TECHNICIANS

The Eccles plan for technical education is merely make-do-and-mend. The pledge to spend £80 million on technical school building sounds fairly impressive until one asks where the trained staff is to come from. Industry is to be asked to lend its personnel as teachers and, increasingly, release young technicians for day school, instead of night school, classes and to co-operate in an extended "sandwich course", through which engineers can graduate by spending six months in the works and six months in college. But all this depends on the schools from which the intake is to come. Where are the teachers of science to be found for the secondary modern and grammar schools? There ought to be an emergency programme, either by making teaching a national service alternative for science students and graduates, or by means of emergency training schemes, by which a science diploma could be added to the normal teacher's certificates, or both. This is an urgent national problem when we consider that our output of graduate engineers is 57 per million of the population compared with 280 in the USSR, 136 in America and 86 in West Germany. Nor does last week's White Paper, apart from a pious plea for "liberal education" for technical trainees, take any account of the nature of general education which is to provide the foundations for all this. It outlines a "divergent" scheme which can only increase the widening gap between science and the humanities.

HIGHER WAGES FOR THE ENGINEERS

The engineering workers are are by far the largest body of workers whose wages are negotiated in a single collective act. Thus what happens in the engineering industry plays a major part in determining the general level of wages and has a big influence on the course of negotiations in many other trades. Under the recent agreement skilled men get an advance of 12/6d a week, semi-skilled men 11/-, and unskilled 9/6d. These advances are only about half what the unions claimed but probably correspond fairly closely with what they expected to get. Roughly, they preserve the value of the existing differential in favour of skilled workers. The electricians simultaneously reached an agreement with their employers' federation providing for a substantially bigger advance - 14/3d. a week. The shipbuilders, who bargain separately, have not as we write reached a similar agreement, but are expected to do so in a matter of days. The engineering employers at first argued that the condition of the export trade precluded any advance in wages. The engineers, on the other hand, in view of the rise in living costs, as well as of the high profits recorded by the leading firms, would certainly not have taken no for an answer; and the employers have had the sense to meet them half way. This means that no major conflict over wages is likely in the immediate future, though when the next round begins, probably towards the end of this year, there is likely to be a much stiffer struggle.

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS IN ASIA

When Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Dulles meet the Indian Prime Minister this month they will find him adamant on the futility of military pacts in general and of Seato and the Baghdad Pact in particular. Further, they will discover that these views are shared by all those governments which have not forfeited their independence for dollar aid with military commitments. The Baghdad Pact and Seato were the main targets at the recent session of the Indian National Congress at Amritsar. The two Foreign Ministers would be wise to study the Amritsar Congress as carefully as the 20th Congress of the Russian Communist Party. The i's were dotted and the t's were crossed of many earlier announcements, not only on India's foreign policy but on her next five year plan and her national objective of a Socialist pattern of society. In the first year of the new plan, Finance Minister Deshmukh said in his budget speech last week, India expected external assistance under the Colombo Plan - including American assistance - amounting to 750 million rupees, and credits from the USSR equivalent to 100 million rupees in plant and equipment. This is the economic corollary of her foreign policy of co-operation with the Communist as well as with the non-Communist world. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Dulles cannot succeed, anymore than Mr. Krushchev and Marshal Bulganin succeeded, in diverting Indian policy from her present course.

THE REAL ISSUES IN MALTA

The results of the Malta referendum - though eminently satisfactory from Mr. Mintoff's point of view - have caused considerable embarrassment in Whitehall and something approaching panic in Tory circles. Dr. Borg Olivier's clever tactic - to create the impression that to abstain was to vote against integration - appears, in part, to have succeeded. Although Mr. Mintoff secured an overwhelming majority of the votes cast, it is now argued that the results do not indicate "in a clear and unmistakable way" that Malta has opted for integration. Indeed, some newspapers, such as the "Daily Telegraph", go so far as to say that the integration proposal should be shelved, "perhaps indefinitely", and that the government should merely proceed to implement "the economic proposals" of the report of the Round Table Conference. It is to be doubted whether those who hold such views have read the report seriously; indeed, the confusion over the referendum results has led many people to forget why integration was proposed in the first place. This grave constitutional innovation was not adopted for its own sake, but because, in the opinion of the Malta government, the Governor, the Colonial Office, the British cabinet, and the overwhelming majority of the Conference, it presented the sole constitutional framework within which Malta's economic problems could be permanently solved. Fortunately, there are now signs that the dispute over the religious guarantees, which has obscured the real issue, will be solved by compromise. The Vatican itself has never shared the intransigence of the Maltese Primate, and even Dr. Gonzi - whose attempt to force a showdown with the Malta Labour Party has ended in failure - is beginning to see the risks involved in prolonging the struggle. At this stage, therefore, it is important that the British Labour Party should endeavour to counteract any hesitations on the part of the government by emphasising that what is at stake is not Malta's religious settlement, but its entire economic future.

BONN

THE "RENVERSEMENT D'ALLIANCES"

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: What has happened to Bonn in the last few weeks is nothing less than a landslide. The home political basis of Dr. Adenauer's policy has collapsed. That basis was the unity of all non-Socialist parties in a tight coalition, and the abolition of the Social Democrats. It has held for six years. Now it has gone. Dr. Adenauer's former allies, the Free Democrats and the Refugee Party, have become his bitter enemies and the Social Democrats, isolated for six years, suddenly hold the key position in West German politics. On the surface the theme of West German politics is still Dr. Adenauer's desperate attempt to destroy his former allies. But one can already see that this attempt has failed. The Free Democrats and the Refugee Party represent together about 5 million votes.

The only way to get rid of them would have been an electoral reform which would in effect have disfranchised this large minority. This has been tried and failed. In fact, the attempted electoral coup was the decisive stroke that split the coalition. The present encouraging of secession movements from the parliamentary party of the Free Democrats does not touch the underlying electoral realities.

These are that West Germany has now become a political triangle. There is the government, there is the Socialist opposition, and there is a new non-Socialist opposition. The real theme of politics will therefore soon be which of the three forces will come together to form the next government after the elections in 1957. A mending of the old coalition can be excluded for the foreseeable future: there is too much bitterness. The only practical possibilities are a coalition between the Social Democrats and the present bourgeois opposition, such as is now being rehearsed in North Rhine-Westphalia, or a grand coalition of Social Democrats and Christian Democrats. In either case, as the Social Democrat leader Herr Ollenhauer, a cautious man not given to wild prophecies, states in all sobriety, "the Adenauer era is ending". Dr. Adenauer will, if he lives, remain Chancellor till after the 1957 elections. But his government now contains six ministers who have become politically displaced persons; his majority in the Bundestag is much reduced, and his control of the Bundesrat hangs by a thread; his authority in his own party is, for the first time in years, being questioned; and his bungling of the coalition crisis indicates failing powers.

The crisis was indeed largely of his own making. The coalition might well have lingered on for a year or so, if Dr. Adenauer had continued to treat his allies with some forbearance and discretion. What he did was to ask them in public for total submission, frighten them with destruction and manipulation of the electoral law when they refused, and then allow this threat to be exposed as an empty bluff. Dr. Adenauer's propagandists are now busy denouncing the men who were his partners for six years as dangerous nationalists or Nazis. This should be taken with a grain of salt. The fact is that there are many ex-Nazis in all non-Socialist West German parties, though few of them have quite such a black record as Dr. Adenauer's own Secretary of State, Herr Globke, who under Hitler drafted the infamous Nuremberg racial laws. The Nazi revival is, despite Sefton Delmer, not a real issue in West Germany to-day. The real issue is whether the Bonn Republic is to develop in the direction of a genuine democracy, with possibilities of peaceful social change, or whether it is, under a thin parliamentary facade, to become an authoritarian Catholic state à la Salazar, with a rigid taboo on social change, a permanently installed state party and a sycophant Chancellor. In the last two years things had moved frighteningly in the latter direction. The events of the last few weeks have arrested that trend and this is to the good.

Foreign policy has hitherto provided only the overtones of the crisis. The new opposition parties are certainly critical of the way official policy has contributed to the hardening German division; but they have so far no recipe of their own for German reunification. And they are all still refusing to admit, as a point of departure, that division is now a fact and East Germany a reality. Perhaps now they will at last realize that the chances of German reunification are bound up with those of international detente.

WESTMINSTER

A PARLIAMENTARY DREAM WORLD

Cyril Osborne, the Conservative member for Louth, is an engaging mixture of bluntness and bewilderment. From time to time, truth spurts from him, embarrassing his friends or infuriating his foes without noticeably affecting him. At other times he peers through his spectacles in flushed perplexity, as though to say: "You chaps are so much cleverer than I. Won't you tell me what this is all about?". He is sometimes the scourge and sometimes the butt of the House of Commons.

In the defence debate he became something more. Combining his two styles, he was at the same time Moses straight from Sinai and a young apprentice on his way to night school. With this contradictory combination, he produced the best speech not only of that debate but of the allied debates on economic affairs and foreign affairs as well and, for the moment, probably became more truly representative of ordinary British electors than anyone else in the House.

Other members made good speeches during the five days. For example, Harold Wilson tried a new, gay manner which immediately turned him from a doughy debutante into a considerable parliamentary figure. He did at least sketch some of the ways by which Britain might at length free herself from these recurrent balance of payments crises. But most of the speeches were full of the sort of punches which British boxing referees rightly do not count on their score cards.

The economics debate, for example, was mainly an argument about technicalities. Will the balance of payments crisis be less serious when it comes in the autumn if we try to fight it with monetary controls or with physical controls? That line was thrashed unprofitably but neither side put forward their real views of how the crisis could be avoided. Do the Tories ask the country for an undertakers mandate to cure the situation by deflationary bankruptcies and unemployment? They dare not. They are willing to wound but wholly afraid to look-out; so they offer a half-baked compromise which deceives no-one except, perhaps, Captain Peter Thorneycroft, their shiny President of the Board of Trade, who anyway has never seemed more than a facade, a collector's egg from which all content has been long since blown.

Their other leaders - the Chancellor of the Exchequer, better known as Harold Macmillan, and R.A. Butler, better known as the Chancellor of the Exchequer - look increasingly dessicated under their burdens but less and less capable of calculation; while the Prime Minister presses his finger tips together and closes his eyes to await the worst, like a sailor who has lost his Mothersill.

Labour, in its turn, offers physical controls and some hint of developing new sources of supply outside dollar areas. It also rejects the Government proposals to save the present at the expense of the future by cutting investment at home. But it does not say that if we are to restore our payments balance while maintaining or increasing investment at home and sending abroad capital to develop backward areas, we shall have to impose more severe austerity on ordinary consumption than anything that Sir Stafford Cripps suggested.

I thought that this omission in the economics debate might be explained in the debate on foreign affairs, that we should then hear of Labour proposals so to reduce our commitments abroad and so to alter our foreign policy that we could drastically cut defence expenditure and so avoid the worst severities of austerity. But it seemed that Alfred Robens had not quite grasped all the ideas which Zilliacus has been trying to instil into him and that, though his emphasis was switched from action through private alliances and three power agreements to actions through the United Nations, there was nothing to suggest that under Labour our foreign policy, and therefore our defence commitments, would be greatly altered. But perhaps, in foreign affairs, Labour is waiting for Crosso.

So we came to the defence debate, with Sir Walter Monckton explaining how 12 million people would be moved from areas where a hydrogen bomb could kill them outright into areas where the fall-out would kill them in a few days; with Nigel Birch, whose sarcastic arrogance in opposition humiliated many a Labour speaker, now hiding his incompetence behind ingratiating obsequiousness; and with Dick Stokes, inhibited from telling the government that it was spending too much on defence - because the government are in fact spending £900,000,000 less than Labour, with Stokes' full approval, proposed to spend - and so falling back on the surer ground that the government were not getting value for the money it was spending.

This debate, too, was mainly technical. It seemed to be agreed that, provided we had nuclear weapons, we were less likely to have nuclear war. It also seemed to be agreed that, though we might not have nuclear war, we were still likely to have conventional war, which meant that we must build up both nuclear and conventional defences. This of course will prevent us from balancing our payments but, in such a debate, any reference to the balance of payments would be out of order.

Defence, foreign affairs, economic affairs - the debates seemed to be conducted in a dream world of watertight compartments, a dream world in which we still tried to compete with the Russians in arms even though the Russians themselves were tending to turn more and more to the weapons of economic aid and even parliamentary institutions to win their victory, a world in which we can one day try to avoid with a few economies a financial crisis far more serious than that of 1931 and next day spend £1,500,000,000 on arms of whose value no-one is very sure.

Then came Cyril Osborne to suggest quietly that as Britain had come down in the world, she had better not try to keep up with the Browns and the Jones. America and Russia had the resources to maintain this vast supply of arms. We had not. That being so, would it not be best - he was an innocent in these things and the experts would correct him if he were wrong - to buy only those things we could pay for, to carry our fair share of the arms burden, but no more than our share? And if we had any money to spare, couldn't we spend a little of it on trying to convince the Russian people, who did not want war, that we did not want it either?

However, as I said, the House of Commons does not take Cyril Osborne very seriously and we soon got back to battleships and the bank rate versus V-bombers and building licences.

J.P.W. MALLALIEU

"By Allah! Look At The Impertinent Foreigners Entering OUR Territory! Let's Punish 'Em By Not Having Anything To Do With 'Em....."

AN ATOM OF DIFFERENCE

When the British recall their own resentment of American attempts to "hog the atom" and get a monopoly of atomic energy, they should not be surprised at the ill-will engendered in western Europe by the attitude of Macmillan and Thorneycroft to "Euratom". This is a plan of France, Germany, Italy and the Benelux countries for a supra-national atomic pool. The U.K. has discouraged "Euratom" and sponsored instead the O.E.E.C. agreement which proposes atomic assistance for national programmes. This is atomically-subsidised by the U.S. offer of 20,000 kilogrammes of uranium fuel. Britain is thus left in the role, towards European countries, which USA once had towards us - all aid short of competitive information. Of course, we will co-operate in pure research projects like the Council for European Nuclear Research (CERN) in the research-reactor of which we are already shareholders. Our scientists will be helpful to their European colleagues and will show them round Harwell or tell them how to make laboratory reactors, but it will be a tutorial relationship and not a working partnership.

This is the Schumann Plan situation all over again with Britain in a more dubious moral and practical position. It can be argued that we shall become an atomic dinghy which has cut the painter both of America and Europe. The reasons, though they may not appeal to Europeans are understandable. First, we threw all our research effort and ablest scientists into the common-pool of the Manhattan project to help to produce the bomb but only to find that the Americans, having provided the money and the technology, had slammed the door to prevent us sharing in the knowledge for post-war purposes Then by superhuman efforts, at the expense of much we might have done to restore our war-crippled industries and to temper austerity for our people, we made atomic development an absolute priority - to achieve the bomb for prestige reasons, but also to ensure Britain's advantage in industrial uses. Harwell, Springfields, Sellafield, Capenhurst, Aldermaston, Calder Hall and Dounreay were enormously costly enterprises born in economic adversity. Chapelcross (another para-military atomic power-plant, like Calder Hall, to produce military plutonium as well as grid-electric-power) and £300,000,000 Central Electricity Authority atomic-power stations are on the way. All that was designed to confirm our position as a great power, militarily and industrially.

Having "gone it alone", without any help from the Americans, we are now faced with a proposition which, if we embraced Euratom, would mean that western European countries would become shareholders in our hard-won enterprises, or, if we encourage a Euratom without active participation, would consolidate a powerful competitor in the atomic export business. No, says the British government, we may be your neighbour and you may borrow the cruet but you shan't share the kitchen. And we fall back on the kind of arguments which annoyed us when the Americans used them; full co-operation would mean the disclosure of information and the production of materials which would facilitate the making of bombs. We still maintain the pretence of the sacred trust, which Truman, Attlee and Mackenzie King took on as the new "White Man's Burden" in 1954.

It is all understandable in terms of national pride and a proper concern about our economic future, in atomic-energy terms. But atomic "Little Englanders" might seriously ask themselves whether the position is tenable and, if so, for how long. The American attitude of non-cooperation and obstruction delayed Britain's advance but, ten years after the release of atomic energy, we are independently well set up. At the Geneva Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, British experts could match and tease and tantalise the Americans but the revelation there was that, in spite of secrecy and the security walls which had separated them for ten years, scientists, the world over, had arrived at surprisingly accurate results on essential factors. No one country had a monopoly of knowledge. The only discrepancies were in "know-how"; but when, in comparing notes, it was found that there were probably 900 different ways of making atomic reactors, established "know-how" might almost be regarded as an embarrassment and flexibility of ideas an asset.

It is true that Britain is now producing large amounts of fissionable materials. From disclosed information it is possible to calculate that we have stockpiled enough for at least 1000 atomic bombs, equivalent to those which destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But our military apparently do not regard that as enough, otherwise we should not be extending our para-military power-plants. Our production of atomic fuels is thus committed to armaments and to our domestic power-stations' programme. But what we should be looking to is the export of reactors. There we are confronted with the Eisenhower offer to the world of 36 tons of light uranium (an enormous amount of fission-fuel) and with the Russian offers of reactors to under-developed countries. Once "Euratom" got going, in competition, we could easily find ourselves left behind in this export trade. Perhaps the U.K. delegates' genuflexion (at O.E.E.C.) to the higher and nobler purpose of the UN. Atomic Energy Agency was in a genuine hope that perhaps somehow this hurtful competition may be averted by a wider agreement and by a bigger supra-national conception than "Euratom".

PITCHIE CALDER

A PART-TIME PRESIDENT?

We had, as T.S. Eliot once put it about J. Alfred Prufrock, "overprepared the event". For months the American people had been waiting full of suspense for the decision, but by the time it came everyone had anticipated it, including the stock market, which rose hopefully at the "affirmative and positive" news that Ike would run again - and then fell back.

The Eisenhower TV speech making the announcement, which reportedly had an audience of 100 million, came on February 29 - which was a symbolic day, because it was leap year and he was starting to woo the voters instead of the other way round. The setting was dramatic - a well-nigh Lazarus figure come back from the long dark tunnel of a heart attack, breaking through a protracted period of indecision, to announce that he was ready and able to carry the full presidential load and would do his "duty". It is impossible to gauge the response of the people because the overwhelmingly Republican press hailed the good news of salvation with resounding hurrahs, and everyone rushed into print to say what a very, very noble and sacrificing man this noble and sacrificing man must be. There were few papers to raise any sharp or disquieting questions - which, however, proves nothing at all about how the people themselves may feel. They had identified themselves deeply with a stricken and convalescing President, and with a President who carried on a solitary inner debate. But when he appeared on TV he had changed his role. He made the mistake of becoming the wooer rather than the wooed. He talked too assertively about his recovery and fitness, and how he had been carrying the full load for weeks. There was a false and jarring note.

The campaign, which has already started, since Adlai Stevenson is the obvious and almost certain Democratic candidate again, will be conducted on two levels. One is the level of the formal issues of policy. In the economic area Eisenhower has undercut the Democratic charges of the "big giveaway" to the corporate interests, by vetoing the "Natural Gas" bill because it stank of corruption. In foreign policy Dulles will be a handicap for the Republicans. But there are no sharp party differences on Formosa, the Middle East, or a programme of economic aid. The most explosive single issue is that of Negro civil rights, where the Republicans are likely to take the offensive against Stevenson and the southern wing of his party by playing for the northern Negro vote. But on a less formal level the overarching issue will be that of a part-time presidency and a semi-invalid President. Adlai Stevenson will tread very lightly on this issue but he will not wholly abandon it. He points out already the distinction between the private question of Eisenhower's health and the public question of a candidate's fitness to fulfil the presidential duties. The Republicans will use as their heavy artillery the periodic bulletins from their corps of heart specialists headed by Dr. Paul Dudley White, the same Dr. White who turned a recent medical press conference about Eisenhower's health into a nominating

convention. The Democrats will hammer away at the theme that a man of 65, who has had a serious coronary occlusion, has been high-pressured into running by the "regency" group, and that he runs the risk of not lasting the term.

It looks a little as if Vice-President Nixon will be the first victim of the concern about Eisenhower's staying power. Instead of endorsing him again for the Vice-Presidency, Eisenhower left it to the convention - a gesture of indifference whose meaning will not be lost to the regency group, which rightly feels that Nixon would prove not so much a running-mate as an albatross around Eisenhower's neck. The eager candidates to replace Nixon are Dewey, Governor Herter of Massachusetts and Treasury Secretary George Humphrey — with the odds pointing to Herter or Dewey. Maybe I am wrong and Nixon will remain: if so, the campaign will turn all the more intensively on the question of whether the people want to elect a man who may again be stricken and give way to an opportunist and hatchet-man like Richard Nixon. Eisenhower has made it clear that he will not wage the "conventional" campaign of barnstorming and whistle-stop back-platform speeches - and no one expected him to. But he has couched it in terms not so much of his health as his belief that it is beneath the dignity of the presidential office. As Robert Sherwood recounts it in "Roosevelt and Hopkins", F.D.R. tried the same approach in 1944 with some success. Eisenhower has always presented the image of a non-political man, a supra-partisan above-the-battle figure. He and his Madison Avenue public-relations advisers will try to maintain this image, which is a moving one for many Americans who find "politician" a dirty word. It fits in with his great appeal as what the psychoanalysts call a "father figure". But in the traditional psychology a father figure is a figure of strength and even protective wrath. The Eisenhower whom Americans saw on TV was not so much a father figure as a "daddy" figure - kindly, genial, teddy-bearish, and just a bit lost and helpless looking.

What his managers hope for is that they can sell Eisenhower to the nation again as a soldier doing his duty. He was sold effectively in 1952 as one who had risked his life for his country in war. He now runs in 1956 as one who is willing to risk his life for his country in peace - and, a semi-invalid, risk it quite literally. Thus the health issue is a sword that cuts both ways, as the Democrats are likely to discover if they grasp it too unwarily.

One cannot help speculating about how the almost one-party press in America would be behaving now if the invalid of 65, running for re-election after a heart-attack, were (let us say) Harry Truman rather than Dwight Eisenhower. Yet the Republicans will remind the country that F.D.R. was sick when he ran in 1944 - and the Democrats are likely to answer "Yes, but look at what happened to him". Beyond these exchanges of amenities the question is what the re-election of Eisenhower will do to the presidential office. No-one denies that there is much ceremonial that could be cut away from it. But the problem goes beyond ceremonial. There is the daily work of study and worry and conference, most of which Sherman Adams now performs - without direct responsibility to the people. There are the big decisions, which involve not only "reflection and contemplation", but also considerable conflict and agony of the spirit. Finally there is the question which few dare raise: even if Eisenhower were wholly well and spent all his time at his job, would his decisions be very sharp and wise in the context of a world struggle which the West seems at present to be losing?

The bets now are that Eisenhower will win easily. My own leaning is toward suspension of judgment and the belief that it will be a close race. My reasoning is this. The main issue - that of the President's health - is a new one in the history of campaigning. No one knows how the voters will respond - not even the vaunted pollsters and their electronic brain machines. For especially on so delicate and personal an issue as the capacity of a candidate to meet the strains of office, the voters are likely to carry their thinking very privately with them, like a burning city in the heart. We shall know little in reality until the voters stand alone with their conscience in the booth, and all the returns are in.

MAX LERNER

LONDON DIARY

Only a singularly misguided libertarian could think that a mass meeting, run inevitably by exiles from Communist countries, would disoblige Bulganin and Khrushchev when they come to England. Nothing could suit them better than for the present generation in Eastern Europe to be informed that exiles from the Ukraine, Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia are still relying on British and American aid to restore them to their former positions, lands and privileges. Those who desire that the visit of the Soviet leaders should aid the cause of freedom will turn their minds in other directions. The problem will be to show the Soviet leaders what sort of country England really is. They will have no chance of discovering England if their time is mainly spent at Windsor Castle and all that goes with it, on the one hand, and with the Society for Cultural Relations and their admitted admirers, on the other. Nor will they see very much if, on the ground that they may be attacked by infuriated expatriates, they are separated from the public by a close police guard. I hope that they themselves will insist that they go about the country as widely and freely as they did in India. They should address mass meetings of workers and answer questions, hostile and friendly, put to them by our ordinary men and women in factories, offices and workshops up and down the country.

No sooner did Mikoyan talk about Stalinist falsification of Soviet history than Trotsky's widow wired to the Praesidium at the 20th Congress in Moscow asking that her murdered husband should be rehabilitated. Certainly, as they say, Mikoyan "started something". Sober historians are likely to decide that in the great controversies of the '20s, Stalin's judgment about Soviet policy was better than Trotsky's, and that, in contrast to the impersonal and objective Lenin, Trotsky was a self-centred romantic who saw the revolution as a great drama with himself playing the leading role. I well remember an interview I had with Trotsky in Mexico City not long before his assassination. He made a luckless prophesy, which he specifically asked me to publish, that in the coming world war there would quickly be a revolution against Stalin. He was in a state of fury about the purges then at their height in Moscow; he said, truly, that they aimed to discredit him personally. He hadn't, he declared, been in touch with any of the Soviet leaders who were being accused of Trotskyism. On this I was sure he was right, but equally sure that if he failed to destroy Stalin it would not be for lack of trying. Altogether a re-assessment of the Trotsky story would be of immense interest to the Soviet people. The younger generation in Russia, which has been consistently told that Trotsky was a traitor, does not even know that in the early days of the revolution Trotsky's name was scarcely less revered than Lenin's; certainly they don't know about Trotsky's part in organising victory over the western forces of intervention. I shall be surprised if the story is objectively told to-day. It would involve confessing that in portraits of the revolutionary leaders of 1917 Trotsky's figure has been painted out. Western Communists should find confession easier. With their new instructions about truth to guide them, they will no doubt republish, with the double change explained, Communist books in which Trotsky's once honoured name was deleted and Stalin's substituted for it.

The name of Miss Lucy is now certain of a place in the future American histories. She will remain a symbol of the final struggle for Negro emancipation, and she will not be ousted from this proud position even if the present efforts to smear her with a red brush are successful. The present flare-up of the old Klu Klux Klan spirit in the South is, after all, what one would expect from the last homes of prejudice. That Negroes in the United States should be so near to emancipation in 1956 is one of the better surprises of my generation. I recall when I was first in the U.S. as a young man in 1922, progressively-minded Americans would tell me that they could see absolutely no solution for the Negro

problem. Theoretically there were three ways out. There was miscegenation, but that - in contrast with the situation in multi-coloured Brazil - was not proceeding fast enough to solve the problem in less than a century. The two other theoretical solutions were both ridiculous; the Negroes could not be repatriated to Africa or segregated in States of their own in the South partly for obvious technical reasons and, even more important, for the reason that they wanted not a Negro State but full rights of citizenship in America, which they are just as proud of as any Boston Brahmin. The actual road to solution was not then remotely in sight. There was no sign in those days of a generation who, as a result of a joint life in the army and joint work in newly industrialised areas, would learn to doubt the truth and wisdom of the traditional racial superstitions. Miss Lucy's case is proof that times and customs are changing fast.

The Paris newspaper, "l'Express", which started as a weekly, decided to become a daily because it believed it could count on the new spirit of revolt which Mendès-France has aroused in the country. There is no doubt that this spirit existed, and in three months, it became the fourth largest paper in France. From a journalistic point of view, the paper got off to a shaky start. But, under its very able editor, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, it consistently improved, and in recent weeks it became far and away the most readable - and frequently the best-informed - of the Paris dailies. Right until M. Mollet's capitulation in Algiers - he had been elected on a promise to be "the champion of negotiations and a progressive policy in Algeria" - its circulation continued to increase; but the very next day - February 7 - sales dropped for the first time, and in the last week the fall in circulation became catastrophic. Rather than risk a slow death, "l'Express" decided to revert to its original weekly form. Its decline indicates better than any Gallup poll the extent to which the government has lost the support of the French Left.

Press screams about Nye Bevan again showing his inordinate ambition and disruptive tendencies by once more seeking election as Treasurer at the autumn conference of the Labour Party are so much tarradiddle. Nye has declared that he would do so each year, and there is much more to be said for sticking to his decision now that Gaitskell is the party leader. It would do much to restore party unity at a time when Labour's position, judging by by-elections, is improving, or at least the Government's popularity declining. It is of course the fear that he might be elected and that breaches in the party might be healed that is animating the attacks in the Tory press.

An angry theatrical friend of mine once designed a proposed coat of arms for the Lord Chamberlain's department. I remember that two things it contained were a police helmet and a female leg; and I was reminded of it the other day when I read that the Police had gone into the concert room of the Alhambra Hotel, Barnsley, and ordered some hula-hula girls to leave the stage because their grass skirts failed to reach police standards of opacity. They did this (I read) because it is a condition of this enterprising pub's "music and dancing licence" that nothing done in its concert room shall offend decency or lead to disorder. The only sign of disorder was a powerful boo against the police from an audience of Yorkshire miners, and the hula-hula girls duly appeared in the "Daily Mirror". Now where is the sense in all this? If Barnsley were some shanty-town of the gold-rush in the eighteen-sixties, you might reasonably fear that the liquor-inflamed miners would rush the stage, but a light Yorkshire ale and a Hawaian dance-number doesn't seem a very explosive mixture, and anyway most of the miners had their wives sitting beside them. In their own homes their television screens will show them what their censors and mentors are indolently watching in the wicked metropolitan night-clubs. When they come to London, the police will not stop them seeing stationary show-girls without so much as a blade of grass on - provided the girls never do more than twitch one flank to dislodge a fly.

CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

According to Kinsey, children are born with sexual urges. Surely we don't want to encourage this!

"Sunday Pictorial". (J. Cameron)

I can't make up my mind whether to allow my seven-year-old son to be vaccinated when the Health Ministry polio serum becomes available.

No amount of official guidance will help me. I shall still have my doubts. But if it were announced that Prince Charles is to be vaccinated then all my worries would disappear.

"Sunday Express". (M. Peckel)

Lady Canrose, widow of the first Viscount, has a way for quieting the fears of the superstitious when there are 13 at her dinner table. She has an extra place laid. On the 14th chair she places a large doll, dressed in a girl's clothes.

"Evening Standard". (J.B. Low)

Alderman Mrs. Amy Woodgate also thought the council should proceed with its lighting scheme, but Alderman E.B. Ames urged the council to remember that the by-pass was not the council's road: those who put it there should pay for the lighting, which might not make any difference at all. It was most inopportune for the council to consider such expenditure at present. The people who were injured or killed on the by-pass were strangers and not local people.

"Surrey Comet". (D.B. Lewis)

The Rev. J.C. Dunham, vicar of St. Paul's, Leamington Spa, told the annual parochial church council meeting last night: "I always feel as nervous as a kitten when I hear that the Queen is travelling by air".

"Manchester Guardian". (P.M.J.)

TALKING TURKEY

"The Turks are not going to stand for the surrender of Cyprus to the Greek blackmailers." Sefton Delmer in the "Daily Express".

By looted town and blasted fort,
Left flaming like Gehenna,
The Janissaries of the Porte
Swept on towards Vienna;
But not unheeded was the cry
In castle, court and kirk,
For Delmer was not standing by
To warn them of the Turk.

John Sobieski and the Poles,
Cervantes at Lepanto
And Byron (among many rôles
Less worthy of a canto)
Went out against the Ottoman,
Though nobody had paid 'em,
Because they hadn't got a man
Like Delmer to dissuade 'em.

Dizzy, for his convenience,
Preserved the Turkish bacon;
It meant that the Armenians
And honour were forsaken.
Cyprus - a bribe to buy a crook -
Was part of the transaction;
O Shame, where was thy Beaverbrook
To praise such putrefaction?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

IN AND OUT THE EAGLE

Nice furry little countesses, some undramatic critics and a lot of ageing Trotskyists, who look as though they have been walking from Berlin ever since the original opening night in 1928 and have now forgotten whatever it was they had intended to say when they got here, mill about among the jollier public at the London production of Brecht's Threepenny Opera, and are in agreement on at least one point: this, they say, is a period piece; it couldn't, gnaedige Frau, ach Pardon, Genossin, happen here. For what we have here is the Welfare State; we have been stripped of every penny, and what we seem to be using for money is our business. The English revolution has taken place.

It so chanced that I attended that long distant, that so utterly otherworld occasion in Berlin in 1928. Few among those living in London today can have much idea of the circumstances under which those mad old Berliners lived. They were, just to start off with, horribly bothered by the possibility that, despite the best intentions of all concerned, there might be a war, which would finish off whatever was left of civilisation. They were forced to exist, too, amid unpleasant social tensions - what was called, in their quaintly period jargon, the "class war." It meant that some people wanted more money than they had got, and others were trying to prevent them getting it, in the public interest.

Yet another thing those neurotic old cavemen worried about was the notion that the United States of America - once, and for so long, the hope and joy of liberal Europe - seemed to have developed an undesirably casual attitude to the Soul of Man and Whither Humanity? It gave you the Blue Angels just to think of it.

All these contrasts between our situation and their's are vivid to one's mind as one loiters in the foyer listening to people telling how quite deliciously dated old Berlinton Bertie Brecht is. I was particularly impressed by a man who pointed out to me the absurd vieux jeu of a number called "Let's all go barmy, let's join the Army" - a satire, if you please, on colonial welfare which, as I recall, went out years ago, stopped by Attlee. Slapping his thigh with a copy of the Evening Standard carrying the latest news from Cyprus, he could not restrain a smile at the thought of outdated Berlinton Bertie.

For the fact is that, whereas the Irish, for instance, keep trying to pretend that the glorious past - which really did happen quite a long time ago - is happening here and now, and Easter Week somehow flavours the cattle fairs and dog tracks, the English prefer a different sort of myth: they like to pretend that something which never happened at all has happened, and now let us accept that and forget it. It is thus otiose to talk to an Englishman about Dunkirk because he either thinks it was a victory, which seems not to make much sense, or he knows it was a defeat and therefore does not wish to discuss it further.

It occurred to me there in the foyer that there probably is some connection between the fact that I spent a good deal of early time in the Brecht belt of Berlin, and my lack of comprehension when people who hadn't met me for years came up to me in the entr'actes and said: "Tell me about that time when the Communist Party, of which - if you recall - you were a prominent though suspect member, suddenly changed its line about the war, was pro it and then, all at once, anti. Didn't you feel awful?"

Incidentally, that is not a very sensible thing to say to a man you imagine to be sane and at least reasonably sober. Because if a man were going to feel awful about something, why in heaven's name would he do it? There's no law that says you must. You can always sit down or jump in the lake. Like Sam Goldwyn you can tell them to "include me out".

I thought of this point the other day when R.H.S. Crossman, reviewing my autobiography, took grave exception to the attitude adopted by me in an article for this magazine about the late Otto Katz. To him it seemed simply awful that I should not only have faked a story for the newspapers in the interests of getting some guns to the Republicans in Spain, but should have taken pleasure in so doing. Mr. Crossman said that he, in a slightly later war, had to invent stories to disturb the enemy, use his typewriter to bring dismay to their ranks, but he hated doing it. My personal view is that you should decide either to fire, or become a conscientious objector. I regard both as entirely respectable attitudes. What I find difficult to appreciate is the position of the man who fires and then says that it doubtless hurt him more than it did the other chap.

Compton Mackenzie once said to me that what he had learned with the passage of years was that all the copy-book maxims are true. I agree. There are some about loyalty and kindness and stuff like that. And, in the Brecht Berlin of 1928, surrounded, as the song says, by "lean men and mean men", you had some object lessons. It was a rough town - and you either collapsed into its fascinatingly corrupt arms, or you took another long cool look at what you really felt about humanity.

And what I felt - among other things - about humanity at that grim moment in 1939 when the Teddy Boys of Europe finally cut loose was that the British, on account, perhaps, of having led a relatively sheltered existence all those years had a somewhat over-simplified notion of what is what. People - it's amazing what memories they have - still ask me whether I did not find the change of line "agonizing". When I say that I did not, I mean that I did not find it spiritually or intellectually so. In other respects it was disconcerting; and I remember, on hearing the news of it, remarking to a colleague that it looked like a damned hard winter.

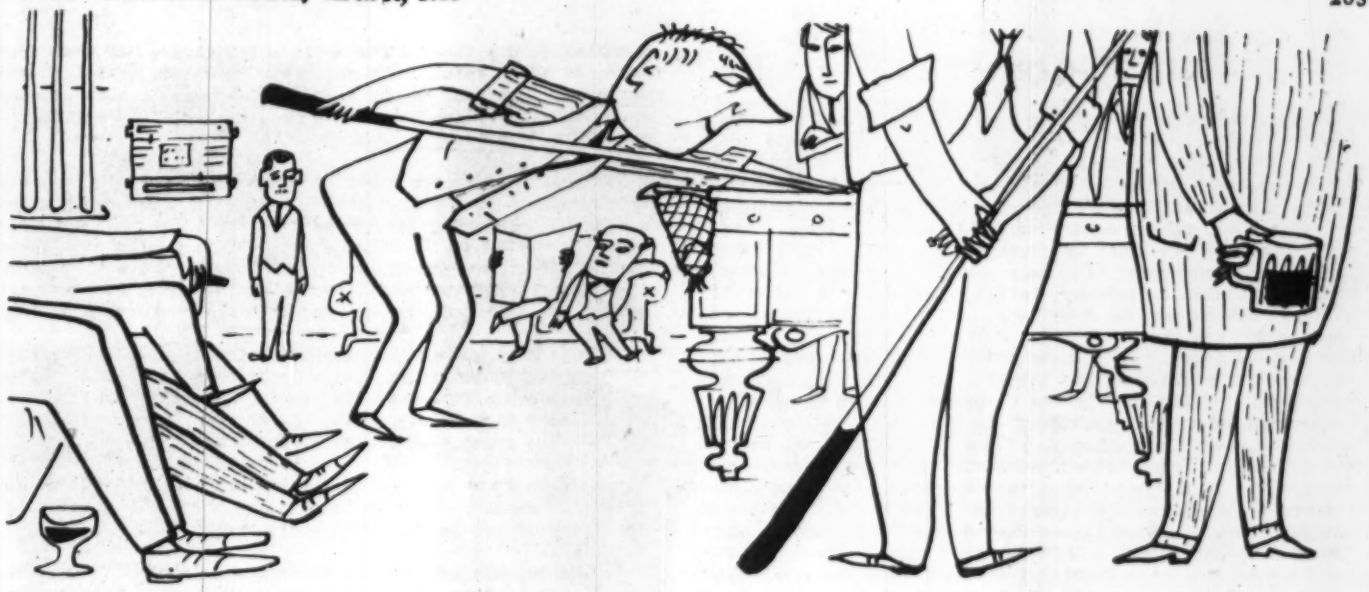
It looked like being particularly hard for me when the newspapers started drawing attention to the fact that the "Daily Worker" had written a leader, on or about September 3, saying "this is a war that can and must be won", and a couple of weeks later written another pointing out that, on second thoughts, it looked more like an imperialist ramp.

I was rather acutely conscious of having written both of them - chiefly for the reason that everyone else either had flu' or was attending a series of conferences. I am not much of a one for conferences myself - whether they are held by the Communist Party or executives of the advertising business. Everything is always decided in the end by three people going down in the lift for a quick one, so why endure the tedium of a conference? My disinclination to take part in high-level conferences was fortunately supported by those in the Communist Party who had a disinclination for me to take part in them. They thought, not to put too fine a point on it, that I was some kind of a spy.

Here again is a thing some people seem to find odd - I mean that one has a nice, easy relationship with people, some of whom think one may be a spy. I saw then, and see now, nothing odd in it at all. The naive may be lovable, but they are a mite depressing to go tiger-shooting with. If the Communists felt precautionary in the presence of a man like me, I felt that to be an expression of common sense. After all, there were some tigers about.

In retrospect, people begin to get the idea that large events of this kind take place in, so to speak, the abstract. But they really don't. This particular bit of history caught up with me in The Eagle public house in City Road - that very one in and out of which the songster popped. It was a great pub. Since it was our local - just across the street from the Daily Worker office - it became the local, too, of a varying set of men from the Special Branch of the C.I.D. who, in the line of duty, drank pint after pint as they sought to deduce from our cries as we played the pin-table hockey game, some indication of the political aims of international Communism. We used to argue a lot about what, actually, was the "weasel" which popped. And while we did so, events were on the way, men were already coming up the City Road on trolley buses, who were going to change our lives.

CLAUD COCKBURN



the things they say!

I.C.I. spent more than 30 million quid last year on new plants. That's what I like to see — big ideas being put over in a big way!

Yes, but isn't there a danger of a company getting too large?

Why so?

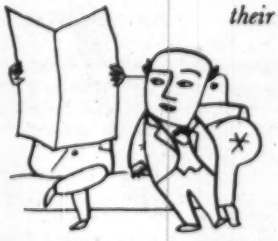
Because the sort of centralised control you get in big organisations kills initiative and smothers everything in red tape — costs rise and efficiency falls.

But I.C.I. doesn't work that way.

It has 13 operating Divisions, and each is largely master of its own affairs. Certainly, the end-product of one is often the raw material of another, but there's plenty of rivalry between them.

Well, if the Divisions are run as separate concerns, what was the sense in merging them?

So as to make a common pool of all their research and technical knowledge — and of their buying and selling, too, whenever that could be done with advantage and economy.



Is that all?

By no means. The merger also meant that the best brains in the business would be available to plan for all. And by putting all their money into one "kitty", they made sure that their ambitious new plans wouldn't fail for lack of capital.

You sound as if you really believed in I.C.I.'s sort of bigness!

I do. I.C.I. has to be as big as it is, to do the very big job it is doing.

A

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

KIDS' COUNTRY

Another title might be "No Country for Old Men". But then, the United States never has been a country for old men; for good historical reasons. For more than a century the immigrants from Europe poured in, but, as a whole, the immigrants themselves, unless from the British Isles, remained unassimilated, rarely became more than half American. They clung together in their national groups and in their homes spoke the languages of their origin - Swedish, Slovak, German, Yiddish, Italian, Polish, Greek. It was their children who became the Americans, and it was the job of the schools to see that they did. They knew English; their parents did not. In a way Wordsworth had not guessed at, the American child was the father of his immigrant parents. One result of immigration was a breach between the generations; and, in a very real sense in immigrant families final authority, the last appeal, rested in the children, not in the adults. The children were American; they knew what America was and what being an American meant, and their fathers and mothers, bewildered in a new world, could not gainsay them. The children knew best. From the tension thus set up has come one of the traditional themes of the American novel: the revolt of the self-consciously American child against his still-European parents.

And perhaps because of this pattern of relationships, the Americans have always tended to be aware, to a much greater extent than Europeans, of the differences between the generations. The flood of immigration has dwindled to a mere trickle, but the pattern seems to remain, so that, reading the American press at any rate, one has the sense of living in a country where there are two nations, the young and the not-young, each of which is busily scrutinising the other. In this, too, we find a traditional theme in American fiction, the most notable recent rendering of it being probably John Phillips's novel "The Second Happiest Day". As one reads the press, all the solemn discussions of "Youth", the quizzes, the enquiries, the reports of the "educators" and the sociologists, one gets two contradictory impressions. The first is that the American young is wholly given over to the delights of juvenile delinquence; the second, that every American boy still has his paper round in order to earn the money to see himself through college and become a doctor and so a folk-hero of the American people.

It is true, of course, that the United States remains a country addicted to violence; when told of the daily murder in New York City, the visiting Englishman can only bow his head in shame at the fuddy-duddy squeamishness and lack of enterprise of his sissified countrymen. Yet the American child of ten does not, when caught alone, seem very different from an English child of the same age. All the same, there are differences, and it is at the word "child" itself that one has to pause. Are there, one sometimes wonders, any children in the United States, apart from babies in perambulators? Certainly it does seem that the normal words signifying the immature human beings are either disappearing in America or changing their meanings radically. A boy may still be a boy, but he is more likely to be a man, of almost any age; and a "gal" is generally a woman, and of fairly advanced age. Indeed, it seems more and more that a boy or a gal is what you become when you stop being a kid, and a kid is anyone between the ages of five and twenty-five; anybody in other words, who vaguely, nominally, is still in statu pupillaris. Students in college, for instance, refer to themselves as kids and are referred to as kids by their teachers. There are distinctions, of course. There are teenagers; there are even - I have heard educated people use the word - sub-teenagers.

It is in such a concept as that of the sub-teenager that one realises the great difference between the American child and the English or European. The sub-teenager is, I suppose, a child between 10 and 13. By himself, alone, the American boy of 10, as I say, appears to resemble an English boy of 10 closely enough. But suppose, for example, his boy scout troop gives a party, the 10-year old sub-teenager is expected to take a girl. Whether he is interested in girls is immaterial. At 12, he will not only take a girl but demand a dollar to buy flowers for her; and parents, if they protest, do so in vain. The children, it seems, establish the mores. I have no doubt that this is so; I also have no doubt that there are interested parties perfectly willing to cash in on the mores established.

All this, however surprising to the English visitor, is well known. The child is conforming to a group activity; as David Riesman notes in his remarkable book "The Lonely Crowd": "Dating at 12 or 13, the child is early made aware of the fact that his taste in emotions as well as in consumer goods must be socialised and made available for small talk". In "Male and Female", Margaret Mead describes dating:

> Boys take out girls, girls have to be asked, boys have to ask, both must dress correctly according to the adolescent styles of the moment, the date must be conducted in some way so that it can be known to the rest of the group - otherwise it doesn't count.

Dating, in other words, in its beginnings at least, is not primarily sexual. It is competitive, and its primary end the proof of popularity. To quote Margaret Mead again:

> The boy who longs for a date is not longing for a girl. He is longing to be in a situation, mainly public, where he will be seen by others to have a girl, and the right kind of girl, who dresses well and pays attention. He takes her out as he takes out his new car, but more impersonally, because the car is his for good but the girl is his only for the evening.

One might say that for the American young sex itself has become a symbol: to be the date most in demand in the group or the boy whose offers of dating are least often refused establishes one's standing in the community. All the same, Margaret Mead has no difficulty in showing the strain to which the pattern of adolescent American dating subjects girls. One has been told for years that the United States is a woman's paradise. There is a sense in which this is true, but it is a very old-fashioned kind of woman's paradise. It is certainly not a feminist's paradise, and is no paradise at all for the woman who does not catch her man - and I use the vulgar phrase avisedly. In the whole of the American daily press I find nothing more fascinating than the columns in which the sob-sisters advise on the emotional problems of their adolescent readers, and what is especially interesting are the assumptions advisers and advisees alike take for granted:

> ... I am going to be 13 and I like a boy. He is cute and has a nice personality. Last year we were in the same room and sat next to each other. He used to make up poems from sentences in our reader. They were quite funny.
>
> This year we are in the same grade but in different rooms. He is in a room with all of the most sexiest girls and I've begun to worry about him. I only see him at recess and I would like to know how to see more of him and how to keep him liking me.
>
> "Desperate"

> Don't be fretting about competition, honey, just because it's around. You can do a lot with a winning personality. And couldn't you manage to be walking home when the boy does? This would make up for the short opportunity at recess.

Much the same point is made, rather more lyrically, by another "Miss Lonelyhearts" replying, in "Boys and Girls Together", to the question "When a person likes you, how can you show him privately that you care?" On this the columnist, Elizabeth Woodward, goes to town:

> Admire him out loud. Select one detail of him at a time and let him know that it has your complete approval. Remark with a purr of contentment while you are standing beside him that he's just the right height for you. Chirp, while you outline it with your fingers, that you like the way his hair grows at the temple. Join him in rollicking laughter, just because his laugh

SOURCES OF POWER

Water

A swollen raindrop rolls off a leaf and
falls on a leaf below. On the impact, the
lower leaf is deflected; for an instant
it becomes the blade of a paddle-wheel,
for an instant it is driven.
From the top of a giant cataract to the
power-house below, a torrent of water
is directed down a man-made flume
to whirl the blades of a turbine.
The turbine is geared to a dynamo.
At this point, where water power becomes
electrical power, Crompton Parkinson take
over. There have been few major developments
in the control of electricity with which
this Company has not been associated.
And so long as there is electricity, and
from whatsoever source it is made, Crompton
Parkinson will continue to develop
machinery and equipment for its conduction,
measurement, moderation and utilisation.

Crompton Parkinson LIMITED

CP ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

MAKERS OF ELECTRIC MOTORS OF ALL KINDS · ALTERNATORS AND GENERATORS
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is so contagious - and tell him so. Consult him...

But perhaps we may skip the "consult him and the "Defer to him", which will cut out some of the chirping and purring, and come to the "Exalt him":

> Exalt him. In outspoken and subtle ways tell him that he's wonderful. Applaud enthusiastically all his achievements. Encourage him when he fails or is moody or is blue.

How to become the tired business man's solace in one easy lesson. The significant thing is that this column appears daily in what by general consent is the best newspaper between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast.

I said that while the code seemed to be established by kids themselves there were interested parties very willing to cash in on it. There is no reason to impute cynicism to those who do cash in. It is enough that these pubescent and adolescent behaviour patterns fall quite easily into the grand pattern of American living. The first duty of an American is to be a consumer, and the more conspicuously he consumes the more conspicuously he does his duty. In the young, with their own set of mores, American business has discovered a whole new hinterland of consumption. One of the most interesting of the recent developments in American journalism lies in the glossy magazines devoted to fashion and man-catching, aimed at the teenage girl - an expression which ought to be tautologous but which in the United States is not. The very titles of these magazines - "Mademoiselle", "Seventeen" - indicate the public to be captured. They are very efficient productions and they show, among other things, how the American garment trade has made of adolescence the fashionable age where women's clothes are concerned. No doubt commercial interests will see to it that the age of sex consciousness becomes lower and lower, even though sex itself remains a symbol of something else. Already one sees - admittedly not every day by any means, but on occasion - little girls of three or four with scarlet fingernails.

There seems to be a corollary to all this. I find a hint of it in a recent newspaper paragraph on the strains that afflict the American middle-aged male. There he sits in his office all day, gnawed by his ulcers, risking thrombosis, slaving away that his family may conspicuously consume. And when he gets home, picks up the paper or switches on the TV, what does he find? Cartoons, comic strips, soap-operas depicting the father of the family as an inefficient bumbler, bested and scored off the whole time by his wife and children. A sad picture.

WILLIAM SALTER

FLEET STREET NOTEBOOK

It is just possible - although I would not as yet take the risk of betting more than a few shillings on it - that we may be at the beginning of a significant new trend in newspaper reading. In all the great circulation battles of the past the predestined victims of the carnage have seemed to be the independent provincial morning papers whose birth in the mid-19th century represented one of the first and socially most important consequences of the removal of the taxes on knowledge. Eighteen of them have died since the first great scramble for popular circulation in the twenties, six since the end of the last war, two in the last two years. And the concentration of newspaper interests in great London-based centralised groups has moved on apace to such an extent that of the close on 30,000,000 copies of morning and evening papers of all kinds that go into British homes each day some 60 per cent are now produced by four major groups - the Mirror-Pictorial group, Lord Rothermere's Associated Newspapers, Beaverbrook Newspapers and Kemsley Newspapers. This has always seemed an ironic climax to the long struggle for the independence of the press and an odd commentary on the alleged stubborn individuality of the British people.

Now there seems to be some indication - faint as yet but encouraging - that individuality may be reasserting itself. As already reported in this column the most remarkable feature of the latest Audit Bureau of Circulation figures of newspaper sales is the almost universal decline in the circulation of the great popular national dailies. Except in the case of our poor friend the Daily Herald, which lost 100,000 paying readers last year, the falls have not been large - although only the eleventh hour shot in the arm given by the purchase of the Daily Dispatch title and good will saved the News Chronicle from beating even the Herald in the melancholy business of shedding readers. But, although not large, they have been general, affecting even such habitues of success as the Daily Mirror and the Daily Express. Indeed it would seem that the end result, so far, of the intermittent but increasingly lethal battles for circulation that have been taking place over the last twelve months or so has been the combined loss of some 360,000 readers.

The various newspaper executives with whom I have in kindly fashion commiserated on this result during the last week or so have each assured me that it was merely part of a minor general slowdown in newspaper buying as a result of the rising cost of living and the increase in newspaper prices.

However, I am delighted to note that this general slowdown, if such it is, does not for once in a way seem to have affected most of the independent newspapers of the provinces. On the contrary these journals formerly so vulnerable when the giants of the national press went to war are on this occasion not only in almost every case successfully holding their ground but have in a considerable number of instances actually gained in circulation, while the popular national dailies have lost. As one goes through the detailed list of circulation returns it is, contrary to the experience of reading the national figures, actually difficult to find a provincial morning paper of any consequence which is down, easy to find a considerable number that have, in relation to their total circulations, added a sizeable quota of new readers.

It is, as I said earlier, probably too soon to claim this as evidence of a positive reversal of the former trend away from independent provincial journalism towards the mass circulation metropolitan dailies. But it is at least a sign that the big powers in the press are no longer having it all their own way quite as much as formerly and that serious, solid provincial mornings, deeply rooted in local interests and serving local needs, are finding it possible to hold on to a good deal of the improvement in their position brought by the war years - to hold on and even to move forward. There could be no development more encouraging to those who believe in the values of independent serious journalism.

Meanwhile the fall in national sales, which as yet shows no real sign of coming to a stop, is causing a considerable amount of anxious too-ing and fro-ing and jockeying for position among the higher echelons of the staffs of several newspapers affected. I offer no prize for naming the newspaper office of which it is being said that chaos has now reached a stage where at any moment someone may be accused of stabbing someone else in the chest.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

BITTER LEMONS

In an island of bitter lemons
Where the moon's cool fevers burn
From the dark globes of the fruit,

And the dry grass underfoot
Tortures memory and revises
Habits half a lifetime dead

Better leave the rest unsaid,
Beauty, darkness, vehemence
Let the old sea-nurses keep

Their memorials of sleep
And the Greek sea's curly head
Keep its calms like tears unshed

Keep its calms like tears unshed.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

SHOSTAKOVICH AND BLOCH

The world will probably argue for ever about Shostakovich's chequered artistic progress: how far is it the result of the long series of official reprimands and rehabilitations to which he has been subjected for twenty years, how far the natural consequence of an uncertain inner development? A clear answer to such questions could be given only by intimate personal revelations of a kind unlikely to come from Soviet Russia. Whatever the immediate cause, however, this immensely gifted and inventive composer is evidently just now enjoying one of his happiest spells of creative work. The Tenth Symphony represents a new and masterly synthesis of those alternating moods - brooding melancholy, bitter irony, bursts of frantic exuberance - which in combination make him seem something of a modern Hamlet.

His latest work, a full-length Violin Concerto in A minor, Opus 99, was introduced to this country a fortnight ago by David Oistrakh with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Nikolai Malko. It is hard to believe that the Concerto will ever be performed more brilliantly, with more beautiful tone or fuller understanding, than by the great violinist to whom it is dedicated; the audience responded to his extraordinary playing, as well as to the attractions of the music, by encoring the last movement - a rare event in these sober days. Their enthusiasm was comprehensible: the Concerto is both grateful to the soloist and a striking and unmistakably original composition, though not, I incline to think, so successful in its entirety as the Tenth Symphony.

In a modest note on the symphony, Shostakovich confessed his difficulty in writing "a real symphonic allegro", and in the new concerto he has once again evaded that task: of the four movements none could be called, by any stretch of the imagination, an equivalent of the old-style "first movement". Familiarity will show whether one is justified, on a first hearing, in tracing a certain want of substance to this omission. In any case, there are compensations such as to make the concerto's fortune. It begins with a very long Adagio consisting wholly of a fine-spun cantilena for the soloist against a sombre, grey background. Such an opening demands uncommon powers of sustained melodic invention if it is to come off; our interest was certainly held, but the movement does not gather the cumulative force of some of the composer's other adagios, probably because the basic material is weaker. The second movement, a Scherzo in B flat minor, releases the composer's exuberance and propounds some contrapuntal ingenuities which sound delightfully fresh and unpedantic; but it is not until the third movement, an F minor passacaglia, that we find Shostakovich in his most searching and exalted vein. This is an impressively handled design, with its various elements moving in the grave pattern of a slow "round" between treble and bass, orchestra and soloist. A cadenza strikes a welcome and uncommon note by remaining for some time in a comparatively slow tempo; it glances at the material of the Scherzo before tearing helter-skelter into the finale. This proved to be a Slavonic romp, with passages of extreme brilliance for the soloist and - towards the end - some striking brass recurrences of the passacaglia theme. If the unity of a supreme work of art is not to be found in this concerto, its component parts have an irresistible vitality and grace.

Some days earlier, Efrem Kurtz and the R.P.O. gave the first performance of a new Symphony by Ernest Bloch. Though the interval of the minor second is prevalent throughout the work, its tone and general colour are much milder than such an obsession would normally imply. The third movement, an Andante, is a subtle and beautiful meditation with muted strings; the last returns in a sunset glow to the "tranquillo" E flat of the opening. Bloch's craftsmanship is always fine, but the old feeling of urgency and drama in his music has gone, and there is a distinct suggestion of the arm-chair about the new symphony. The Bloch that I most enjoy is the sorrowful, fiery prophet of "Schelomo" and "Voice in the Wilderness", the Piano Quintet and the First String Quartet; I have also a great curiosity to see his early "Macbeth". Whenever this opera has been done, it seems to have been successful; but it has been dogged by misfortune.

At Sadler's Wells there is an extremely interesting new Violetta in the person of Elizabeth Fretwell, who looks very well, acts with skill and sincerity, and has a naturally warm and rich vocal quality which she must be careful not to press too hard. The slight but charming "School for Fathers" by Wolf-Ferrari, is back at Sadler's Wells in the clever production which seems at last to be scoring the success it has always deserved. Sketchy singing here and there (especially by the two young lovers) makes the music sound flimsier than it really is, but there is a fine turn-out of curmudgeonly basses, led by the richly comical Howell Glynne, whose "Sherry Duet" with Harold Blackburn is guaranteed to stop any show in London.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

No contrast could be more complete than that offered by the two comedies brought to London last week. At the Saville Theatre, as the second in his admirable series of revivals, Mr. John Clements gives us an excellently staged version of "The Rivals"; at the Arts Mr. Peter Hall directs one of the best productions we have seen in this country of an Anouilh play - "The Waltz of the Toreadors". The old English comedy is simple and innocent to the point often of the feeble; the modern French one is savagely and wildly funny to the point, often, of the cruel. From Sheridan you come away mildly diverted, gently tickled; from the Anouilh you emerge pummelled but exhilarated. Those who enjoy pretty stage pictures and conventional comic gestures will find them given a touch of freshness by the production at the Saville; those who prefer the taste of raw life will get it with a vengeance at the Arts.

In "The Rivals" there is really so very little of life still left that it is a considerable feat by this company and its producer, William Chappell, to give so lively an illusion of their still being quite a lot. The illusion is fostered first by a wholly delightful set from Peter Rice and secondly by some brilliant individual performances. Mr. Clements himself sets the tone with a perfectly judged portrait of the pickled old Sir Anthony Absolute - not a roar too many and not a stamp too few. The best fun of the evening comes from his encounters with his son, and to this part Mr. Laurence Harvey gives as much comic gaiety as grace of person and address. Then there is Miss Athene Seyler's great overblown peony of a Mrs. Malaprop. Only a small proportion of her creaky old lines still make any effect; but Miss Seyler rides over them and above them like a large blowsy balloon. Some of the parts are beyond rescue, that premature Byronic, Falkland, for instance, or the rustic Bob Acres; Mr. Paul Daneman and Mr. Michael Medwin respectively worked like trojans to strike a spark from them, and a spark or two indeed came off. Miss Kay Hammond mouths out Lydia Languish with an affectation wholly appropriate; a purist might argue that her plum-bound delivery ruins the run of the prose, and indeed this objection could be brought against the whole production. That prose, too, has a rhythm which must be caught and sustained, and that, if it is, the language will give the necessary backbone of the style - this is a proposition which English production has not yet learned. But we may forgive much to a robust production like this one which successfully avoids (except in one particular) that archness which always threatens our theatre's treatment of period.

Softening the blow is also the occupational danger with productions of Anouilh in this country, and Mr. Peter Hall and his company are to be highly congratulated on softening nothing in "The Waltz of the Toreadors". This is an extraordinary work. It is at the same time wildly comic and savagely cruel; it moves with a virtuoso's freedom up and down the emotional scale from pure farce at one extreme to real pathos at the other. There are scenes of pure horror and there are scenes of pure comedy, and M. Anouilh modulates between them with an absolutely sure touch. The burden here falls largely on Mr. Hugh Griffith, and magnificently he carries it. His part is that old lecher of a general whom we first met in "Ardèle", and we see the virtues of the

Celtic temperament in his acting of it. I cannot think of any other actor who could give us the pure juice of lubricity with such a frank smacking of the lips. Yet it wouldn't be half enough if that were all he gave. Mr. Griffith can deliver a tirade, and he can hush us into pathos too. This is one of the most memorable and rich performances of recent years. Mr. Griffith is well supported by Walter Hudd as a dry doctor, and by Miss Brenda Bruce as his romantic streak, the one woman he has never touched; and then he is matched by Miss Beatrix Lehmann with the all too small part of the bed-ridden wife who is never going to let him go and can if necessary rise from her sickbed to prove it. Only Miss Lehmann with that rasping voice and elongated face could produce the blend of macabre and comic which makes the part work.

T.C. WORSLEY

A BREAK FOR SHAKESPEARE

"' ...The rest is silence' - and there, I'm very sorry to say, we must leave 'Hamlet'". We left it for a shatteringly gay commercial about a "famous orange drink". This half-minute-too-soon anticlimax provoked angry protests. Personally, I had found even more objectionable the commercials inserted at the "natural break", immediately after the killing of Polonius and the "convocation of political worms". By ill chance, these were particularly unsuitable, even slightly disgusting. A glutinous voice gloated over "Sausages! Packed with the juiciest prime pork ... a feast!" Another asked: "Who makes the finest self-raising flour?"

Even so, the presentation of even a potted "Hamlet" may be taken as a sign of grace in ITV. Associated-Rediffusion must have wondered how many viewers they were losing to the BBC (competing strongly that evening, with "What's My Line?" and other established favourites); a strange variation of the accepted antithesis. The production would not have satisfied those accustomed to the full "Hamlet" on the stage; but it served its introductory purpose - as Mr. Peter Brook put it, "swooping down on some of the highlights" and linking them with an inoffensive narrative. Its great merit was that it did not appear to consist mainly of shots of the stage production; many of the scenes shown had been regrouped for the TV cameras, and the fullest use was made of close-ups.

If, however, there are to be more of these "prestige" programmes, the problem of relating the advertisements to them without these grotesque incongruities must surely be gone into more carefully. It is absurd to treat "Hamlet" as if it were simply merchandise from the same counter as a light variety show, which can "take" any sort of commercial without offence. Indeed, the advertisers concerned must surely be shrewd enough - like some of the bigger sponsors in America - not to wish to be involved in clumsy philistinism. ITA say that the programme-companies are "moving towards" fixed-time bookings for commercials, but that the majority of advertisers are still not guaranteed specific times. Why shouldn't the sausages and the self-raising flour have been moved to the beginning or the end of "Hamlet"? One answer is that a long string of commercials, half-a-dozen all at once, would be unacceptable. Another may lie in the rigid timing imposed on ITV programmes - not, as is sometimes thought, by the provision that has to be made for the commercials themselves but by the exigencies of networking. The problem remains, and ought to be tackled, unless both the companies and the advertisers - and ITA itself - are to lose more face.

The "natural break" itself, both the thing and the phrase, is used ingeniously as the comic climax of "The Jack Jackson Show", the most resourceful and amusing of the light gramophone-record programmes; and each Sunday night Mr. Jackson contrives a new approach which must take many viewers by surprise each time. He is practising golf. The ball smashes the window. "Is that a natural break?" Or he is playing billiards, gets a good score: "of course, to a fellow like Joe Davis, it would be just a natural break!" Pause for commercials, while a mock-grisly voice gives him a horse-laugh and cries "You slay me!".

This is, oddly enough, one way of popularising the advertisements; and - as a Daily Express poll last week, rather surprisingly, confirmed - they are popular. The satirical joke, that the commercials are preferable to the programmes, is not coming literally true; but two apprehensions are confounded - the advertisers' apprehension that people would switch off, or stop looking, during commercials, and the serious apprehension that commercials would in themselves lower the artistic standard of British television. This is not to abandon the main arguments against commercial television; it is a simple statement of what appear to me to be facts.

I watched "Hamlet" in unexpected but congenial company - that of Mr. O'Shea of Poets' Road, Clerkenwell, a chimney-sweep of the "old-fashioned", all-black type, who happened to be sweeping the chimney immediately adjacent to my TV set. Himself a character as rich and earthy as a Shakespearean grave-digger, he observed that he was missing the telly by working late like this, took a few side-glances at "Hamlet", and (no doubt mistaking it for a BBC product) added that they usually had the commercial programme on at home. "You prefer that, do you?", I said, in my most objective tone. "Well, it's the kids", he explained. "They like all these adverts. My youngest, he's twelve, he knows pretty nigh all of them by heart".

Since I began viewing for this journal, I have seen much sheer junk, some lively entertainment, some good "immediate" stuff - sport, and such. Only four programmes stand out in my memory as programmes whose evanescence is tragic, programmes I could bear to see again and again. One was the BBC's "Special Enquiry" on teen-agers. The second was ITV's "Nativity" programme. The third was the BBC's "Othello". Now there is a fourth: Christopher Mayhew's superb, sensitive, sensible visit to Mirfield, culminating as it did in the discovery of an authentic new "TV personality" in Father Hugh Bishop, who could, if released by his Community for the task, be groomed as the Fulton Sheen of Britain; but as, if the phrase may be used, a good Sheen.

The hardest part of monastic poverty, he said, was "not being able to give presents to anybody". But the main lesson of this remarkable interview ought to be as acceptable to a Chancellor of the Exchequer in a lean year as it would seem repellent to the hucksters - that "it is possible for men to lead full and happy lives without a money-income".

TOM DRIBERG

BIG BROTHERS

Orson Welles's Othello comes in the wake of Olivier's Richard, and close on the heels of the two-faced Moor at the Old Vic. I suppose this would be called timing. But the time to see Mr. Welles's second handling of Shakespeare - "Macbeth" being the first - was five years ago, when it was ready. If for no other reason, we should then have seen what went on to celluloid, and not a horizontal strip from the middle of every picture absurdly enlarged to the new screen fashion. There is reason to believe, too, that in those days we might have benefited from material cut away since. What at last arrives at the London Pavilion, home of violence, is in fact a clipped, misshapen relic of what-might-have-been.

Nevertheless, it is splendid. I know that some of my colleagues will not be - and already have not been - in agreement. Mr. Paul Dehn, whom I always enjoy reading, has gone a-matadoring under the headline "The Boor of Venice". Wicked Welles! He chases shadows and chiaroscuros, he mumbles and throws away, he makes others throw away, he has hacked poor old Shakespeare to the bone - and even put into one tag-line a word of his own. "It is the cause," he grumbles thunderously, "it is the cause, O my soul". Yes, from one point of view - that of the attentive Shakespearean - the faults of this "Othello" are monstrous indeed; though one might discount Mr. Dehn's just indignation, since he goes on in his next paragraph to heap praise on the trite prettiness of "Frou-Frou" which brings to the Curzon France's first shot at CinemaScope.

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AS RIGOLETTO
Maria Meneghini Callas
AS GILDA
Giuseppe di Stefano
AS THE DUKE OF MANTUA
and NICOLA ZACCARIA, ADRIANA LAZZARINI, GIUSE GERBINO, PLINIO CLABASSI, WILLIAM DICKIE, RENATO ERCOLANI, CARLO FORTI, ELVIRA GALASSI, VITTORIO TATOZZI and LUISA MANDELLI
The Orchestra and Chorus of La Scala, Milan
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The fact is that, for all its misdemeanours, Welles's version of Shakespeare is alive. I don't go to the cinema primarily to listen to Shakespeare; which seems to me like attending opera for the sake of the story and the acting. So, in filming Shakespeare, it must have seemed also to Mr. Welles. How he went about it - and about - has been most amusingly delineated for us by his Iago (Micheal MacLiammoir in "Put Money in Thy Purse"), which I would advise anyone to read before or after going to the London Pavilion. Welles in high-tragic mood and in puttees, Welles murdering would-be Desdemonas with a glance, Welles gollupirg lobsters, Welles telegrammic, wandering over Rome-Venice-Mogador, cursing the seagulls that won't scream away when wanted, instilling in his Iago the ruthlessness of impotence, snatching now and again at a Shakespearean turn or line - it may be all wrong (the worst plays of Shakespeare would probably make the better films), but it is the quick way as against the cold. Mr. MacLiammoir recounts how, at one point, the actors being there but not the costumes, Welles threw towels about them, and set the scene in a baths: this was for the murder of Roderigo. The improvisation does more than banish cloak and dagger. It adds one more conviction to a restless, shouldering, shore-haunted, sky-hacked vision, which for me, once and for all, localises "Othello".

Welles himself, of course, partakes of this look enormously. It is more look than voice this time. He allows himself only two speeches - the vindication of his courtship, and the self-obituary. But all the time, whether he is uttering or short-cutting the text, he fulfils, in his way, Shakespeare. Most revealing perhaps of all are the occasionally rolling eye and the sidelong stare which is that of the bull near the mise-à-mort. His conqueror is not Iago - played with deadly renaissance calm by Micheal MacLiammoir - but that terror of a hostile world which has closed in on a simple hero invulnerable only on the battlefield - where we never see him. He is too honest, catching at the lie which will destroy him. "Honest" is the word here to suit all natures: Iago's, Desdemona's. Suzanne Cloutier makes a Desdemona candid if at the end too unappalled. Fay Compton's Emilia, Hilton Edwards's Brabantio, and Robert Cootes's Roderigo are all admirably professional. The camera has its moments of obscurity, of Wellesian fixation, but in general fulfils the promise of its magnificent opening movements, with the different-paced crawl, near and far, of the cortege, and Iago hauled high in a cage.

Take it or leave it, then. This "Othello" certainly goes far beyond "Richard III" as cinema, though in the compromise which in the end must rule all Shakespeare films it fails in clarity, in justice to its original, in popular appeal. But that such enterprise should have been stifled by tinkerings and delays is a shameful reflection on the ways of film distribution. What sort of films would a new Shakespeare be allowed to make?

"Freely adapted from George Orwell", admit those responsible for "1984" (at Warner's); but freedom in this case has meant draining the novel of all its vital qualities. The high conscience, the torment and the longing, the fearful conviction and the acrid detail - all that makes real this nightmare of the soul threatened by politics - has vanished. What remains? The more obvious satire, and the story. The first has been blunted, the second turned to the most obvious screen uses. Love - squeezed out in anguish by Orwell - turns up trumps for the film-makers as a matter of course; a banal love-affair in a spy setting, a final linking of hands and a cry of "Down with Big Brother" as the bullets rattle out; it makes nonsense of Orwell, and by the week-to-week test it makes a pretty poor thriller. It fails to establish, not only a frame of mind, but a believable setting; its hero is plump and American (Edmund O'Brien), and his worried look would have damned him with the thought-police within thirty seconds; only Michael Redgrave as the equivocal Inner Party—man touches conviction; and the one part of the film that could hardly avoid raising the tension - the long, tortured interrogation - was infinitely better done in another British film, "The Prisoner". Not only Oceania but the film industry should beware of annihilating all feeling and thought.

WILLIAN WHITEBAIT

CORRESPONDENCE

SOVIET MORALITY

Sir, - A recent series of articles in the Soviet press shows an interesting application of the techniques of mass propaganda.

The moral re-education of the Soviet Union is its object, which in itself calls for no special comment. Apart from the anti-religious component, few English persons would take exception at the model of conduct urged. Alcohol never did anyone any good; "cultural" dancing, yes, but no jive; gambling and jazz are out; and so on.

The methods used, however, to propagate this particular code suggest that they would be terribly effective whatever the object. Every type of journal is made a vehicle to this unified propaganda - from "Krokodil" to "Literaturnaya Gazeta". The would-be deviant is reasoned with, cajoled, frightened into conformity. The arguments are often naive, but none the less effective for that. Religion, cards, drink or whatever are shown the inevitable agents of total perdition. One bad apple rots the basketful. The tale is told of a fine "cultured" young farmer, Vassily, who takes to playing cards and from then is a slothful, ill-humoured boor. Post hoc ergo propter hoc.

But the pressure does not stop there. The society as a whole is urged to be its brother's keeper. No longer, as with us, is a youth's behaviour primarily his own concern, and perhaps the concern of his family. Personality education is the responsibility of all good Soviet citizens. Girls are encouraged to use their influence over boyfriends to cure them of drunkenness and vulgarity - a powerful sanction if used by a large proportion of Soviet womenfolk. Youth organisations (Komsomols) are impressed with the need to exercise "unculture" among their members. Social disapproval - especially when prompt and overt - must be one of the strongest methods of enforcing discipline. If it can be made to break up the esprit de corps of deviant groups it should be irresistible. The reports of recent visitors to Russia suggests that the policy is indeed proving very successful.

So it seems that whoever controls the homogeneous press (as well as the radio and schooling) in the Soviet Union can induce values, attitudes and patterns of behaviour to order. I confess myself alarmed. In the present instance we may approve of the object of social engineering. But there is no guarantee that Big Brother's objectives will always be benevolent. Russia's rulers may be no more irresponsible than elsewhere, but unrestricted power to mould the public mores is a dangerous tool in the hands of anyone. I suspect the ferocity and scale of modern wars is partly due to the unanimity of sentiment which national presses (including our own) have managed to arouse.

Queens' College, Cambridge. REX BROWN

CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION

Sir, - Since the establishment of a Central African Federation little has been heard of the position of the African population within the three territories. There are five matters which should be known by the British public.

1. The chiefs in Nyasaland who were deposed for their part in the agitation against Central African Federation are still penalised, and the peoples earnestly desire their reinstatement. In the case of Chief Gomani, who was deposed and deported, the government declines to recognise his son and heir and the district of Ncheu has been divided into three areas and placed under three Native Authorities. The people resent this bitterly. Is it not time that a gesture of good will were made to the Africans in Nyasaland by reinstating the deposed chiefs?

2. Deportations are continuing. Two recent cases are those of Mqy Chiwambo, who, after serving a sentence of one and a half years' imprisonment on a charge of undermining the Native Authority by his activity against Central African Federation, has been deported to Port Herald, in the extreme

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south of Nyasaland, five hundred miles from his home. M. Bvumwe, on completing his sentence on a similar charge, has been deported to Karonga, in the extreme north of Nyasaland, also about five hundred miles from his home. Is it in accordance with British justice that Africans should be deported after having served the sentences imposed upon them in the courts?

3. Everything appears to be done to weaken the Nyasaland African Congress. It is not permitted to hold meetings without the permission of the District Officer or the police; nor is it permitted to raise funds by taking collections or appealing for donations. If the Africans are now allowed to develop their political organisations, there is a danger that they will be driven to adopt underground methods and to resort to violence.

4. African leaders in the three territories of Central Africa are not permitted to travel freely to consult with their fellow-Africans in other territories. Recently Mr. J.F. Sangara, the President General of the Nyasaland National Congress, was not allowed to remain in Lusaka, in Northern Rhodesia, without payment of a deposit, on the ground that he was a prohibited immigrant. He was compelled to return to Nyasaland. Similarly, the President and Secretary of the Northern Rhodesia African Congress were not allowed to stay in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. Surely it should be a part of the growth of any democratic system in Central Africa that representatives of the African movements should be permitted freedom of movement and consultation.

5. Evidence has reached us that Africans from Central and East Africa who visit this country are kept under close police surveillance. Police visit them and interrogate them in their homes regarding their intentions and activities. Will it assist them to appreciate British democracy if we treat them as though they were in a police state?

East and Central Africa Committee
Movement for Colonial Freedom,
318 Regent's Park Road, N.3.

ABDUL R. MOHAMMED
Secretary.

KENYA TRADES UNIONS

Sir, - The recent decision of the TUC to protest about the withdrawal of the bread and milk subsidies was to be expected. This political protest was made at the very time when the Kenya Government was deciding to ban Kenya's equivalent of the TUC - the Federation of Labour - for concerning itself with "general political matters." These specifically mean a press statement issued by the Federation's general secretary in London at the beginning of the year dealing with the absence of the rule of law in Kenya, unjust detentions, the need for constitutional reform and compulsory elementary education for African children and a more recent press release issued in Nairobi condemning the Coutts report and expressing unconditional faith in political democracy.

The government says the Federation has gone beyond its constitutional objects (which include "generally to improve the economic and social conditions of all workers") and therefore, must be made unlawful. It is not that the Federation expresses itself on "political" problems that worries the government - but that the political views expressed are not to the liking of the government. Would the government consider banning the Federation if the Federation had said "There is nothing wrong in detaining 60,000 Africans without trial" or "The Africans do not want to have elected representatives in the government"? Of course not.

Take wages in Kenya. The government fixes them. Is this an economic or a political problem? Housing? The government fixes the housing allowance. Is it social, economic or political? And education? The line cannot be drawn between "economic" and "political" especially in a country where 97 per cent of the people are unrepresented in the government which exerts an all-pervading influence over the lives of all the people all the time.

Can the Federation refrain from expressing its views on political problems which deeply affect the workers' lives if it is to do its job properly and responsibly? Isn't it time that the meaningless twaddle about "keeping trade unions out of politics" was scotched once and for all?

Nairobi. MOIRA O'SHEA

"DISUNITED STATES"

Sir, - Whilst few would wish to minimise the importance of the segregation issue in the United States, Mr. Douglas Jay in his article on the "Disunited States" has presented much too simple a picture of the problem and has drawn conclusions which are seriously open to question.

Firstly, there is every possibility that in the next presidential election campaign, the Republican party will hammer away quite strongly on this point, in quest of the increasingly important Negro vote in the north, whilst the Democratic party must at all costs avoid an issue which is capable of splitting the party wide open. Secondly, on the question of public opinion in England being strongly against colour discrimination, much of this so called public opinion is not in contact with coloured people at all and many of those who are confronted by them in large numbers react as violently as the most conservative of southerners.

Thirdly, it is doubtful whether desegregation is supported as wholeheartedly in the northern and western states as Mr. Jay would suppose; the Cicero and Trumbull Park episodes in Chicago of recent years being symptomatic of what may well be increasing hostility towards integration. Fourthly, Mr. Jay implies that the civil war was fought over slavery for the freedom of the Negro, which is debateable, and the South has accepted the result of the Civil War so far as secession is concerned although still being very much in arms with regard to the "reconstruction" of the coloured population.

Fifthly, the belief that the Supreme Court ruling of 1954 will eventually be implemented is over-optimistic and the assertion that continued gains have been made since that ruling is dubious. The Supreme Court ruling could be reversed and, if not, as one hopes, the Fabian tactics of the South could virtually nullify it. In the meantime, increased tension has resulted from the legitimate attempts of the NAACP to profit form that ruling. At the moment, however much one may applaud the rightness of the Supreme Court, it has done considerable disservice to the coloured people by attempting to hurdle a brick wall of prejudice instead of cautiously flanking it.

As a final comment upon the over-simplification of this question, it may be worth realising that there are two colour problems in the United States, one northern and predominantly urban, one southern and predominantly rural, and these will have to be tackled at different speeds closely geared to the economic, social and educational improvement of both whites and coloured.

University College of Wales ALAN CONWAY

THE NATIONAL THEATRE

Sir, - While supporting to the hilt the suggestions recently made in your columns by Mr. Worsley and Mr. Parry about the sort of plays the National Theatre should present, I feel it should be remembered that all the points they raise were covered, as long ago as 1909, in the Handbook of "The Proposed Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre", whose aims were defined as follows:

"(1) to keep the plays of Shakespeare in its repertory;
(2) to revive whatever else is vital in English classical drama;
(3) to prevent recent plays of great merit from falling into oblivion;
(4) to produce new plays and to further the development of the modern drama;
(5) to produce translations of representative works of foreign drama, ancient and modern;
(6) to stimulate the art of acting through the varied opportunities which it will offer to the members of the company."

It was on this basis that the National Theatre Bill passed through the Commons seven years ago, empowering the Treasury to spend £1 million on the building of the theatre. It seems to me a waste of time to reopen, at this late date, the discussion of aims: they have been sufficiently clear for half a century. What we must do, as often and as relentlessly as possible, is to press the Treasury to release the promised million, and get the first bricks laid.

KENNETH TYNAN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ROGUE ELEPHANTS

I have been reading the lives of two press proprietors, both of whom may be considered to have been successful in their own way. They are Lord Beaverbrook, whose remarkable biography by Tom Driberg has already been much discussed, and Claud Cockburn, whose gay autobiography is now on sale.

They come from very different drawers of the social chest. Mr. Cockburn was brought up in military and diplomatic circles. Neatly evading the Foreign Office, he became a sub rosa contributor to "The Times" in Germany, and from there was promoted in the great financial crash of 1929 to work for "The Times" in New York. He avoided the journalistic plum of "Times" Washington correspondent by persuading the incredulous Dawson that he really was something like a Communist. While much of the book is sketchy, his rounded portrait of Sir Wilmott Lewis, the most famous of all modern "Times" correspondents, is an outstanding achievement; one eccentric is really understood by another. Some of Sir Wilmott's ironic comments have long survival value. According to Cockburn, it is he who first said "Do not underestimate his capacity for snatching defeat from the very jaws of victory". I like, too, "Inspiring, is it not, to see eyes so ablaze with insincerity": and better still, "He will always be happy to advise you. You may rely upon him to maintain a firm grip on the obvious"

Turning his back on the sad spectacle of bankrupt millionaires begging in Fifth Avenue, Cockburn decided to carry a red banner in Europe. Back in Britain, he had the notion of reviving the eighteenth-century tradition of political bulletins. The problem of finance was soon solved. He recalls £40 lent him by a novelist friend; no doubt there was some other money, since I myself remember investing £10 in his venture, which he faithfully repaid. "The Week" was six ill-duplicated, yellowish foolscap pages printed with matter on both sides, which were read with avidity by some hundreds, or at its height, a few thousand people. It arrived on their tables looking, as he proudly boasts, not like a circular in a ha'penny wrapper, but like a letter which contained private information.

It was its reputation for exclusive information which was the making of "The Week". For the first few weeks, he says, its circulation was steady at 36 copies, but this rapidly extended after Ramsay MacDonald denounced it as part of a subversive conspiracy. At once the know-alls, Pertinax, Madame Tabouis, and the rest, became subscribers and spread its fame. Its information came from private contacts in Germany and from international correspondents who were always prepared to barter exclusive information. It was responsible for starting the Cliveden hare, and became literally the talk of the town, that is, of the few people who do much to create public opinion on political issues. It could be said to have succeeded in its object before it died a well-merited death in the War. It had not made Cockburn rich. It probably had much less influence than legend claims, but it was entertaining and effective.

Lord Beaverbrook was the son of an impecunious Presbyterian minister in New Brunswick. He early learnt Biblical speech, the importance of money and how to get on by his own wits, without expecting or showing much love. He came to journalism with a good deal more capital than Mr. Cockburn. In Canada he had made himself a millionaire by bringing off a succession of industrial mergers, which were denounced in the most scathing terms by Canadian newspapers.

Already an ardent advocate and devoted practitioner of the religion of Success, Lord Beaverbrook came to seek his political fortune in England. He gate-crashed into London society, which treated him with a snobbish contempt which he never forgave. He became, from the point of view of the Establishment, a rogue elephant. He saw himself as the rich wire-puller who could achieve the reality of power

* "Beaverbrook". By Tom Driberg. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 21s.
† "In Time of Trouble". By Claud Cockburn. Hart-Davis. 21s.

partly by the personal manipulation of his newspapers and partly by his influence on individual politicians. No-one who reads Mr. Driberg's book, with its careful and factual account of these manoeuvres, will any longer pretend that he was not primarily responsible for pushing Bonar Law up the ladder. Mr. Driberg recalls a passage from Edmund Burke often quoted by Lord Beaverbrook:

> "The world is governed by go-betweens. These go-betweens influence the persons with whom they carry on intercourse by stating their own sense to each of them as the sense of the other; and thus they reciprocally master both sides."

But Mr. Bonar Law died and left his backer standing, but still confident in himself as a political "fixer". His knife, said Mr. Driberg, had disposed of Balfour and Asquith; it was now turned on his temporary friend Lloyd George. But here his success as a political assassin came to an end. His alliances and quarrels and renewed honeymoons with the first Lord Rothermere became a public joke; the great Empire Free Trade campaign was a fiasco, and he failed in his prolonged efforts to destroy Baldwin.

In discussing Baldwin, and especially in a very detailed and in some ways novel account of the Abdication crisis, Mr. Driberg is at his best. The Duke of Windsor has himself put it on record that one of Beaverbrook's motives in supporting him was "no doubt, to keep on the Throne a King who had 'tramped the outer marches of the Empire he had loved'; but 'an additional impulse was furnished by his long-standing enmity for Mr. Baldwin'". Mr. Driberg says:

> "As it turned out, he failed yet again, as he always did in his direct encounters with Baldwin. The Abdication represented the final triumph of a premier who seems to have satisfied more perfectly than any other, before or since his time, the standard English taste for amateurism in public life. He was not, in fact, an amateur; he was a highly competent professional; but he was a professional superbly disguised as an amateur. This was the mask, this the sturdy, sublime hypocrisy, that foxed so many of those who seemed, on the surface, far smarter than he."

Mr. Driberg pays full tribute to Beaverbrook's great feat in producing aeroplanes when they were most wanted in 1940. It was the one occasion when piracy was a nationally valuable asset. He records the revealing fact that Beaverbrook at that time believed that he might succeed Winston Churchill as Premier. He has always been under a delusion about the power of the press. It has, of course, a pervasive influence which dictates far more than we like to admit the climate of taste and the standard of thought. By a well-chosen scare it can turn a swing into a landslide But Lord Beaverbrook has been consistently wrong in believing that he could wield positive political power through his newspapers. The more it was realised that this was Beaverbrook's aim, the more frustrated he became.

> "...This idea was a mirage; but it was a mirage which, as it faded, left behind it a solid pot of gold. He hoped that newspaper-ownership would win him political power by enabling him to impose his views on political leaders, and he was prepared to lose a good deal of money in the process; in the event, he amassed an even greater fortune than before, but gained no real power at all."

Reflecting on these two books, Mr. Cockburn's comic but instructive story, and Mr. Driberg's very serious political sermon, I am left wondering whether Mr. Cockburn's short incursion into the field of British publishing was not in its way more successful than Lord Beaverbrook's spectacular achievements. For Mr. Cockburn did one thing he wished to do. He aimed modestly and well, because he knew the minds of his few but influential readers. Lord Beaverbrook exercised, as he once said to me, the power of suggestion over millions of people daily and weekly. But he never understood them; they bought his papers, but they could make no sense at all of his politics. He discovered late in life that the Kingdom of England, like the Kingdom of Heaven, cannot be taken by storm.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

SIGNS

Only a shimmer of ice on the pond,
And a blue-tit hanging upside down
From an ashbud tip on the bough beyond.
But it's cold enough for my human skin
To shiver as though a ghost has thrown
An underworld warning; so I'll go in
To the fireside again, disturbing the dog
Who lies more still than the perilous log
About to crumble and burst into flame.
But that flash of blue on an upturned crest,
And the sooty smudge on the straining bud
Have ruined my comfort and winter rest.
I cannot give my distress a name,
But it's something to do with a risen God.

RICHARD CHURCH

CRUSTED AND CORKED

"Old Calabria". By Norman Douglas. Secker & Warburg. 30s. "Winter in Majorca". By George Sand. Translated by Robert Graves. Cassell. 15s.

For Norman Douglas travel was a happy exile and a naturally unsettled mode of living; with most of us travel is one thing, living another. When we meet Douglas on a journey he suggests the man who lives in the place even when he doesn't. The impression is strong in "Old Calabria" because the book squeezed the juice out of several journeys and out of a good deal of hard reading and thinking; it has become a classic because of the serene union of his habit of mind with his subject. An air of idleness relieves the scholarship. There is no deadening anxiety about covering the ground. He is not officious with himself or the reader. He is the amateur. In his role of epicurean scholar and firm, poor gentleman, he keeps the people he saw in their place. This was a compliment to them; his standoffishness is amusing in itself and makes them vivid. Many travellers who are good at describing people really overdramatise them, make them too loud, large and genial for the land and history they inhabit.

As for the landscape of Calabria, Douglas brought to his descriptions a scientific luminosity. He was a geologist, a botanist, a biologist, an historian of Gibbonian footnotes, reconstructing mountains, rivers and plains from the natural facts. His mind shines like a sun upon the stones. He belongs to the infiltrating kind of descriptive writer who tackles his subject on a side-issue first and this goes happily with his prejudices. Lyrical writers often overlook the important fact that landscape exists, century after century, in its own unimpassioned right.

All this is simply to say that Norman Douglas was a man of strong character. It has been well drawn in an excellent introduction by Mr. John Davenport to the new edition of the book. The main things to remember about Douglas (Mr. Davenport tells us) are that he was a nineteenth-century figure, an aristocrat and immensely masculine. I take this last to mean also that he was intelligent rather than sensitive, and dominant in his demands. He was a European rather than a Scotsman. He was in fact a quarter German and, after the age of fifteen, was educated in Germany. This sets him apart from the English writers who can be compared with him; only Samuel Butler, a traveller also by disposition, who had made himself a foreigner or at any rate a colonial in his own family, shows some resemblance. There is the same scientific bent, even to scientific fantasy, the same late-Victorian reaction against cant, there is the common naughtiness; but whereas Butler's rebellion becomes a comic mannerism and leaves behind it a growing deposit of the conventional and the demure, Douglas's rebellion is hard, tenacious and dangerous. When he was asked by a young Jesuit with "lustrous and dreamy eyes" if he were a Calvinist, Douglas thought it would give the young man more to think about if he said he was Presbyterian. The sun melted the northern snows - Mr. Davenport says - but there was granite beneath and Douglas's wish was to exchange the "guilt-frowsted hardness of the Goth" and to acquire the hard pagan calm. He was too truculent for that but the peroration to "Old Calabria" shows what he was after; really the north kept him alive:

> "This corner of Magna Graecia is a severely parsimonious manifestation of nature. Rocks and waters! But these rocks and waters are actualities; the stuff whereof man is made. A landscape so luminous, so resolutely scornful of accessories, hints at brave and simple forms of expression; it brings us to the ground, where we belong; it medicines to the disease of introspection and stimulates a capacity which we are in danger of unlearning amid our morbid hyperborean gloom - the capacity for honest contempt; contempt of that scarecrow of a theory which would have us neglect what is earthly, tangible. What is life well lived but a blithe discarding of primordial husks, of those comfortable intangibilities that lurk about us, waiting for our weak moments?"

The pleasure of "Old Calabria" is that it ripples along. We shall be groping among caves or poking about monasteries to come out in the evening sun in some dilapidated corso where the young bloods are gazing up like sick puppies at the town's beauties on their balconies. There we pause for a prompt disabusing of our illusions about southern love. Or looking for an inn, we shall be told to take a chair in the chemist's and wait for the conversation to turn in that direction, while we consider what Milton got from Calabria or what Calabria got from Greece. We can move from a haircut or the vulgarity of commercial travellers to "the exotic efflorescence of holiness" that burst out in southern Italy under the Spanish viceroys:

> The saints are all alike - monotonously alike, if one cares to say so - in their chastity and other official virtues. But a little acquaintance with the subject will soon show you that, so far as the range of their particular Christianity allowed of it, there is a praiseworthy and astonishing diversity among them. Nearly all of them could fly, more or less.

No lover of Christianity, he was not, in this book, captivated by the Italians. There is nothing Stendhalian. Watching a young man make a pig of himself in a restaurant, we at once get a splendid essay on the prevalence of stomach complaints in Naples, on the badness of Mediterranean diet and its disastrous effect on character. "Utilitarianism is the shadow of starvation" but "romance is nothing but the vapour of repletion". What is the Mediterranean vice? Envy. All that black coffee; only correct nutrition can dilute envious thought. And do not let us seek to become peace-loving and pitiful; "that cannot appeal to a masculine stock". This discursiveness (which so often went on too long in "South Wind", so that one now yawns a moment or two before the laugh comes) eats short, as they say of the best veal. We are on to the next new mouthful of something else. The best books are written no doubt when a traveller is forming his character, not when it is formed. Looking back over "Old Calabria" as Douglas drew, it is actual in all the periods he evokes, from the new municipal lamp-post to the Greek ruin, from the girl who died of shock because she had lost an argument with a tram-conductor, to the flying monk. The sky has not faded in this Edwardian book, the columns are still strong, the annoying traveller still worth listening to. He is unique in being without innocence abroad.

George Sand's book on Majorca is a small historical curiosity. It contains an ill-humoured account of the island and mainly deals with her domestic difficulties. She had taken Chopin there. He got ill in their lodgings and the family were turned out because the Majorcans had a terror of consumption. The notorious opponent of the Church and preacher of freedom in love moved into a disused Charterhouse. To those grievances the book adds the perennial comedy of the masterful, emotional and advanced lady ignoring the sensibilities of a conservative peasantry. Was she not also the friend of the anti-clerical Mendzabel? She smoked, she was living in sin, her children wore trousers. If she had

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only sent her children to Mass the peasants would probably have been satisfied. As it was they were difficult, or she thought they were, and in revenge she called them everything from cannibals downwards. Mr. Robert Graves annotates the edition and reprints the majestic denunciation of the book written by a Majorcan when it was published. Travellers rarely please the people they travel among even when they are polite; she was not. I think Mr. Robert Graves is over-ingenious in some of his suspicions of the causes of her troubles. He suggests that Solange, who was to play her part in the breach with Chopin many years later, had already begun her war with her excessive mother; and by reporting village tittle-tattle to Chopin revived his Catholic puritanism and possibly made him decide to live in a state of chastity with his mistress. Hence her irritability. The real trouble, I suggest, is French insularity.

V.S. PRITCHETT

MESCALIN, SWEET MESCALIN

Heaven & Hell. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus. 7s.6d.

In "The Doors of Perception", Mr. Huxley described how the drug mescalin produces visions which seem to him extraordinarily beautiful and significant. In this curious little book he discusses the status of the world seen in these visions. Its landscape, its serene inhabitants are not, he insists, at all on a level with those in ordinary dreams:

> "A man consists of what I may call an Old World of personal consciousness and, beyond a dividing sea, a series of New Worlds - the not too distant Virginias and Carolinas of the personal subconscious and the vegetative soul; the Far West of the collective unconscious, with its flora of symbols, its tribes of aboriginal archetypes; and, across another, vaster ocean, at the antipodes of everyday consciousness, the world of Visionary Experience."

There, things do not symbolize anything else at all; they just Are. "At the mind's antipodes, objects do not stand for anything but themselves". To know them, we must visit them. This journey, Mr. Huxley admits, has been made in various ways, but there are only two vehicles which he can conscientiously recommend as reliable - hypnosis and, better still mescalin (or lysergic acid, which is a more up-to-date alternative). Arrived there, we shall be so impressed that we shall recognize the place as the inspiration of nearly all art (popular as well as highbrow), and shall see that the chief reason why we like art is that it tends to transport us to it. This "antipodes of the mind" holds in fact the Heavens and Hells of tradition, and we may even go to it after death. It does not of course hold the greater bliss of the mystics. "Mystical experience is beyond the realm of opposites ... Heaven is merely a vantage point from which the Divine Ground can be more clearly seen than on the level of ordinary individualized existence." But that is saying a good deal.

It is obvious that Mr. Huxley has come to see the point of a lot of things he used to be blind to. The vain show of the world, which used to quail before him both as satirist and mystagogue, has appealed from Aldous sober to Aldous drunk, and its appeal has been granted. Pantomime, pageantry, spectacle of every kind is welcomed as a reflection of Heaven, and even sex is passed as vision-inducing. In all this I think he is right, and clearly mescalin has helped him. But does it follow that it will help the rest of us? or was he just born a shot of mescalin below par? As one of those people whose brains are constantly infested with exciting visual imagery anyway, will it do me all that good to add a version in brighter Technicolor? (It might amuse me, but that won't be enough). The answer seems to depend on his view that mescalin scenery is not symbolic; it is the unique source from which other similar mental images flow. If that is right, then certainly art is just a series of travel posters for it, and one ought to take the voyage. But why should it be right? in fact how could it? What are these vast oceans on his map of the mind, dividing even areas of unconsciousness? (The geographical metaphor is never broken down, so we must guess as we can). To make any sense of the mind, we have to assume that it is continuous, that those central powers and needs which work themselves out in one region of experience may also do so in any other. For instance, the rhythm of Plato's prose and the sting of his wit express, equally with the structure of his thought, the essential character of the man. And visionary scenery, even in an artist notable for it, such as Leonardo, it not something held apart from his other subject-matter and interests; it is an apple of the same tree. Yet Mr. Huxley insists on wrapping it hygienically:

> "Two distinct and separate arts are practised in the theatre - the human art of the drama, and the visionary, other-world art of spectacle."

Perpetually he divides; perpetually "humanity", "personality", "individuality" are the marks by which he distinguishes inferior substitutes from real visions. Yet the traditional "heavens" (by which he means the imaginary worlds of visionary art and literature as well as religious paradises) were stiff with personality, and even (worst of all) with personality in action. (He doesn't much like Blake, and no wonder.) The oddness of his psychological views shows itself perhaps most plainly in an interesting passage on how mescalin has put asceticism out of date:

> "For an aspiring mystic to revert, in the present state of knowledge, to prolonged fasting and violent self-flagellation would be as senseless as it would be for an aspiring cook to behave like Charles Lamb's Chinaman, who burned down the house in order to roast a pig."

And supposing the further march of science makes it possible to have all the sensations of social intercourse without putting other parties to the trouble of being present would Mr. Huxley think it made any difference? Perhaps it is lucky that he would not care much for the project anyway.

MARY SCRUTTON

THE GREAT IMAGE

"The Life of the Buddha". By Anil de Silva-Vigier. Phaidon. 47s. 6d.

We have come to expect a Phaidon publication to be a collection of plates, reproducing sculpture or paintings, supported by a critical introduction and notes. The present work is of a somewhat different character. The intention is not to provide a gallery of Buddhist masterpieces for assessment as works of art, but to select from the vast treasury of Buddhist sculptures and paintings in India, Ceylon, China and South-East Asia those which illustrate the life of the Buddha.

The life of the Buddha, as may be supposed, is a compound of fact and legend. No account of him was written during his lifetime nor for centuries afterwards. It is generally accepted, however, that there was such a person; that he lived in the sixth and fifth centuries B.C.; that he was the heir of a rajah, renounced his right to the throne, became a recluse and then a preacher, whose gospel was humanitarian.

The legendary life of the Buddha, however, is concerned to represent him as a supernatural personage, higher than the gods and cognate with some primordial essence. It is a poetical and charming story, having its own kind of truth, but not easy to relate, because it became much more elaborate as it evolved.

The illustrations in the present book represent this legendary Buddha. In support of them the author writes, in place of the usual art book's critical introduction, a rendering of the legendary life drawn from the Suttas and Jatakas. We hear of his miraculous birth, his athletic feats as a young man, his marriage, his flight from his father's palace to the forest with the assistance of the gods, his temptation when an ascetic by Mara, a devil, his enlightenment, and finally his mysterious passing in a state of mystical rapture.

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chronology of the life. Thus the birth scenes, for instance, are illustrated by a ninth-century Chinese painting, a Japanese relief of the eighth-century, a Tibetan painting of the eighteenth, a Greco-Buddhist relief of the fourth and a second-century Indian relief.

This arrangement has the objection that the reader, unfamiliar with Oriental art, has no guide to the evolution or relationship of the various schools. To meet it, however, the author has provided at the end of the book a short historical essay which goes some way to explain the great differences of style, mood and symbol to be found in the plates.

The merit of the book, however, depends more on the illustrations as such than on any effort made to explain them. Buddhism is an immense subject. The canonical books of its two great schools, the Mahayana and the Hinayana, numbering hundreds, have only partly been translated from the Sanskrit, Pali and Chinese in which they are written. The author was probably wise just to let the plates tell their story and leave it at that. The average reader will find plenty to interest him and will be glad not to have been asked to explore the esoteric aspects of the subject. In a glossary the author ventures to hint at some of the intricacies of the Mahayana. Thus, alluding to the plurality of Buddhas, she speaks of those called Dhyani, a class among several. "The five Dhyani-Buddhas were evolved by the Adi-Buddha or primordial Buddha." She does not attempt (and I think rightly in the circumstances) even a sketch of the Mahayanist metaphysic.

In looking at the plates there are some points to remember. Till the first century A.D. the Buddha was invisible by sacred convention. His empty chair, his footprints could be shown, but not himself. Plate I, a detail from the Sanchi east gate, is a good example of this. Buddha images began to be made in the first-second century by the Hellenistic School of Gandhara in Afghanistan, though why the demand for them came just at that particular time is uncertain. The Buddha appears as a Greco-Roman god or king in a toga. Soon afterwards, or contemporaneously as some scholars argue, his image began to be made in India proper, though it was not generally an image, but his likeness as a person in a scene, in his harem, for instance, or his flight from the palace. The mood of this early Hindu-Buddhist art is cheerful and affectionate. The Buddha is surrounded by handsome youths and smiling women; the horses and elephants seem happy that he is among them. The scenes have a paradisal air. The gods are also pleased. They worship him and their angels bring garlands. He is never represented as displacing the gods. Indeed, he makes a special expedition to their heaven out of kindness in order to enlighten them. One has the pleasant paradox that the gods, great and small, all became fervent Buddhists.

The Ajanta frescoes of some centuries later (of which there are here several good reproductions) have a more serious or wistful mood. The Buddha is still in a decor with lovely women, celestial dancers or tame animals. But he is withdrawn somewhat, as it were sad in his compassion for humanity, or brooding on divine beauty. As the reader can see, these paintings have the mystery of the great masterpieces of art.

Another wonderful mood is represented by the sculptured frieze at Borobudur in Java, slightly later than Ajanta. Here all is tenderness, sweetness, a rustic languor. The figures seem saturated with a gentle rapture. The book contains some good details of this vast and incomparable masterpiece.

But the greatest achievement of Buddhist art was the development of the Buddha face. How to show the expression on his face at the moment of enlightenment when in the trance he suddenly understood the truth of all things? Since the rapture of that moment passed understanding, the artist's problem was apparently insoluble. Yet he solved it, as the great faces reproduced here testify beyond question.

MAURICE COLLIS

THE THINGS OF THE PAST

"Illustrated History of England." By G.M. Trevelyan. Longmans. 30s.

In all the excitement of G.M. Trevelyan's eightieth birthday celebrations, these familiar 758 pages should not go unnoticed. It is not easy to write a history of England which begins with the shaggy forest and ends with the paper jungle. Dr. Trevelyan's "History" was written as long ago as 1926, and it has long established itself as a standard account. There are no new chapters or even paragraphs in this birthday edition, but the magnificent illustrations, extremely well-chosen, provide something far more than additional frills. They enrich the narrative, and lend point to the final sentence in the author's original text that the historian is "like a showman", directing public attention "to the things of the past, with their manifold and mysterious message."

To understand this particular approach to history, it is necessary to take into account three elements in Dr. Trevelyan's background. They are all just as important as the more familiar statement, now a parrot phrase, that this elegant narrative is the outstanding twentieth-century example of the "Whig interpretation" of history.

First, the author considers "the things of the past" evocatively and not analytically, as a poet rather than as a social investigator or a professional academic. He talks of horns blowing in the mist, ships tossing on distant seas, peasants finding space in their village to grow "like the spreading oak tree alone in the field", and, at the end of the story, "the headlong progress" of modern inventions hurrying mankind along "roads that no one has chosen, a helpless fugitive with no abiding place." The poetry, as he once remarked, lies in the story itself rather than in the telling: the historian's imagination does not roam at large, but pursues facts and fastens upon them.

Second, he is always anxious to make history readable, not simply because he is in revolt against the deliberately dull history of his Cambridge predecessors, but because he wishes history to be read by a far wider public than professors and undergraduates. It is fortunate that the battle between the dull and the elegant which he fought with great determination is now long since over, but there are still many historians who, while they write at least neatly, are quite uninterested in Trevelyan's underlying purpose of interesting the public in the past. He has never thought of himself as a "technical historian", although he has lived through an age when the technical historian has come into his own.

Third, he is prepared to move across conventional historical periods with a freedom and power which shock timid specialists. In this "History", for example, although he believes that the last four hundred years in British history stand out, he does not hesitate to devote a third of the work to a survey of pre-Tudor epochs, and he writes with as much vigour about Canute as about Grey of the Reform Bill or John Bright. When he discusses the North of England in Saxon times, he remarks that it claimed a leadership which it did not again possess until "the industrial revolution made coal and iron more valuable than cornfields", and he bravely links Henry VIII and Louis XIV, Runnymede and the Stuarts.

It is these historical links which have been seized upon by critics of the "Whig interpretation", who have attacked the juxtaposition of past and present, the arrangement of facts from "our point of view", the false dramatisation of ancient struggles, and the drawing of dubious connecting lines between historically distinct episodes. A careful re-reading of these 758 pages suggests that some of these criticisms miss their mark in relation to Dr. Trevelyan's work. Although he is of Macaulay's stock, he is not such an easy target as Macaulay, and he avoids many of the obvious weaknesses of his great predecessor. The key to his story is the sea and not the constitution, and his uninhibited national pride is more evident on all occasions than his impregnation of the past with "Whig" values. His main

weaknesses seem to me to be a basic misinterpretation of the story of the Cabinet and the party system, which makes the eighteenth-century section of this book misleading, and an inadequate consideration of economic factors, which leads to a certain superficiality in both the seventeenth and the nineteenth-century chapters. In many other parts of the book, modern scholarship would qualify and in some cases overturn his conclusions, but usually it could not yet suggest a completely satisfactory alternative synthesis.

As a synthesis, this is a book which will always be read. Both it appeal and its weaknesses are obvious. In 1956, however, as Dr. Trevelyan would be the first to recognise, we are in a very different world from 1926, and the whole story of the English past needs to be written again for a new generation. Some of Dr. Trevelyan's assumptions are now matters of history rather than of current opinion, and a book of this kind cannot be kept up to date merely by adding new chapters or revising the book list. The least fortunate part of this new edition is a book list at the end of each chapter, which has the merit neither of consistency nor of strict relevance to the text. Dr. Trevelyan did not use many of the books cited, and some of them suggest arguments and approaches very different from those which he chose. The things of the past cannot be kept bright by hasty polishing: each generation must pick them up for itself and display them to its own best advantage.

ASA BRIGGS

THE LIGHT WENT ALL THE WAY

"A Prospect of Britain." By Andrew Young. Hutchinson. 16s.

Canon Young tells us that when his father meant that something was beautiful he called it chaste, and this may be the origin of his own chaste style. It is free from the faintest vulgarity of language or feeling, or even of vision. He must, we know very well, in his journeys through Britain in search of "plants and poems" (two matters in which he is singularly distinguished) have seen ugly things; but he does not say so. If he has met unpleasant people he goes no further against them than the mildest teasing - as of the photographer for picture-postcards who had viewed so many hundreds of churches with disdain. This is not a refinement of rejection but of concentration. Flowers so rare that one must go a long way in search of them grow, for the most part, in beautiful places, and Canon Young's poetry is made out of a curiously strict awareness of nature. He has noted down, perhaps unconsciously, the quality of his devotion in a poem called "Walking in a Mist":

> From Lose Hill to Mam Tor,
> Darkness behind us and before,
> I gave the track its head;
> But as I followed where it led,
> That light went all the way
> As though I made and carried my own day.

The track he follows is nature, but it becomes a light only for a poet who can make and carry it into words.

The forty essays in "A Prospect of Britain" are a record of places seen under the uncommon daylight of his personality. A great part of his charm comes from a humorous mind stored with snatches of other people's poetry and prose. Who but Andrew Young would have considered his own doting on the names of flowers as "no worse than Petrarch to whom the ghost of St. Augustine said: 'Infatuated as much by the beauty of Laura's name as of her person, you have shown a perfectly incredible silliness.'"? What comment more complete on the oddity of genius than "it was left to Thomas Hardy to say (of the country beneath Pillesdon Pen) 'this might be numbered among the scenic celebrities.'"?

Though there is not an essay here but carries the exact and friendly speech of a poet, those who remember the close-packed delights of "A Prospect of Flowers" will find the good things wrapped in rather more paper: some chapters padded with moderately well-known, moderately interesting facts. But the best of the essays - those on Iona and the Western Isles and all that have mountains in prospect or under foot - are among the most charming invocations of the spirit of place that have been written in English. Far more than a mere clothing of chaste language the purity of style becomes the living word of a man who has seen the goodness of the visible world. We are privileged to be in his company.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

MINERS' TOWN

"Coal is our Life. By Norman Dennis, Fernando Henriques, and Clifford Slaughter. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 25s.

"Well, how would tha like a job in t'pit?", I was asked in the canteen of a Yorkshire colliery a few weeks ago. Having just crawled and stumbled along the coal face for a couple of hours I was quite certain that I did not want a job there; and I asked my guide, a face worker and union official, how they got miners to stick it at all. "It's only thriftlessness that keeps 'em at mining", he replied candidly, "if they stick it until they're twenty-six they'll never do aught else".

I thought at the time that this seemed rather a harsh judgment. But after reading this valuable study of a South Yorkshire mining community I realised the full significance of the remark. It was not a moral condemnation, born of disillusionment, but a shrewd interpretation of observed social facts. Thrift to the miner has never appeared, as it has to some other small sections of the working class, a road to social betterment. As the authors put it, the miner, because of the various forms of insecurity which beset him, cannot hope to escape the limitations of the miner's existence by saving.

It is social insights such as this which make Dr. Henriques's book stimulating reading. Between 1952 and 1954 he and his colleagues, assisted by the Nuffield Foundation, carried out an intensive survey of a small mining town, fictitiously named Ashton, but identifiable as Featherstone in South Yorkshire. Their approach is that of social anthropologists, and the material is grouped together to show the interrelation of three important influences - work, leisure, and the family - on Ashton's social life. The book is pleasantly free from sociological jargon, and the authors are modest in their claims.

Nevertheless, the implications of many of their conclusions are far-reaching. Ever since nationalisation, pontification upon the problems and shortcomings of the coal industry has been widely regarded as the prerogative of any journalist, politician or businessman, irrespective of his real knowledge of mining and miners. The general theme is usually that the miners are an ungrateful lot. It is by now taken for granted that all miners get "high wages", that the majority are prone to irresponsible "absenteeism", and that "unofficial strikes" prove that the miners won't even follow their own leaders. But when these stereotypes are translated into the concrete experiences of the people of Ashton they assume a different social significance.

For instance, the common assumption that nationalisation, security of employment, and higher rewards for his labour have basically altered the miner's status and role in society is not borne out by this survey. "In fact, no such basic change has occurred". The changes "have been absorbed into the miners' traditional ideology rather than transformed by it". Despite the many great improvements within the mining industry since 1939 there has been no profound modification of the wages system and the social structure consequent upon it. The continuation of the piece work (contract) system for all the most skilled and best paid jobs at the face has meant a continuation of practices which have been built up on a basis of traditional hostility between management and men. Nationalisation of the ownership of the mines, while firmly supported by the miners, has not altered the essential conditions of work; the same types of problems and disputes continue as before 1946.

In a fascinating chapter on "Trade Unionism in Ashton" the authors show clearly the implication of this for the trade union branch. Before 1939 the branch grew strong as the champion of the men, particularly the face workers, in opposition to the management. The miners needed the union in their weekly, almost daily, tussles with the management over rates and prices. And despite nationalisation that need is still felt to be there. But since 1946 the idea of a new "harmonious" type of industrial relations, based not on conflict but co-operation with management, has been increasingly adopted by the N.U.M., and the official pressure on the branch is in this direction. The result is that the branch committee finds itself in a contradictory situation; on the one hand the men demand leadership in their constant striving with the management, and on the other as union officials they are frequently committed to policies the direct opposite of this. The gap between the union officials and the rank and file widens; and strikes are "unofficial".

It is often argued that since the bad old days of the Twenties and Thirties are now gone for good it is irrational for miners to cling to their old habits and attitudes. This study shows clearly the truth, and even more the limitations of such a judgment.

J.F.C. HARRISON

NEW NOVELS

"The Long View". By Elizabeth Jane Howard. Cape. 15s.
"The Dangerous Years". By Richard Church. Heinemann. 15s.
"A Dance in the Sun". By Dan Jacobson. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 11s. 6d.
"Scene of the Meeting". By John Wiles. Chatto & Windus. 15s.

In real life more stories are told backwards, with time's arrow reversed, than in fiction. This is the way we learn the biographies of new friends. It is a perfectly legitimate method for a novelist, though it entails certain special difficulties. Elizabeth Jane Howard has used it wholeheartedly in "The Long View". This is a straightforward biographical novel which begins at the end. We first meet its heroine, Antonia, in 1950 when she is forty-three, getting ready for a dinner-party to celebrate her son's engagement to a dull girl. Her daughter, ominously named Deirdre, is having a too serious affair with a very smooth "deb's delight". Her husband, the ultra-sophisticated egotistical Conrad, has just been to bed with his mistress. Antonia is in a pensive mood and before we have had a chance to get to know her well - this is the weakest feature in an otherwise well constructed and well written book - the scene changes to 1942 for a short war-time episode that tells us a little more about her unsatisfactory marriage. It is followed by 1937, a year which was chiefly remarkable for her love-affair in the South of France with Thomson, a homely engineer with a talent for giving sexual satisfaction. Then comes 1927, her honeymoon in Paris with the immensely knowing Conrad, a connoisseur of everything feminine, particularly scent, and, finally, the traumatic experience in 1926 that drove her into his arms. This was the discovery that the horsey young Irishman with whom, staying at her parents' house in Sussex, she has fallen crashingly in love, is not only married already but also her mother's lover. Thus baldly summarised it may sound like yet another readable book by yet another capable lady novelist. This is an incorrect impression. True, Miss Howard has her goosey moments, and plenty of them, but they do not last very long. Most of her writing is nicely polished and non-vulgar. She has a real descriptive talent. I hope she will train on and in time be able to go the distance with champions like Miss Lehmann or Miss Bowen; she has a chance.

Nobody seems to know quite what to make of Mr. Church's new novel, and I am not surprised. "The Dangerous Years" is curiously uneven. The most unlikely parts come off the best, such as the picture - most difficult, surely, to do - of a musical prodigy, and the love-making of a pair of fifty-year-olds. Some of the everyday scenes seem unreal and read stiffly: wine is "consumed"; a colonel announces suddenly that he has run short of "funds". The chief character is a fifty-year-old widow, Mary Winterbourne, whose daughter's marriage to an impotent mountaineering don is cracking up. They go to Paris, and Mary abruptly starts having a most passionate love-affair with this pathetic colonel, while Joan, her daughter, mothers his nephew, the nine-year old musical prodigy. (later, in Switzerland, Schnabel appears in person, and by no means unconvincingly.) The end comes with the death of the mountaineering husband and some all-round renunciation and disillusion. An atmosphere of almost Buddhist benevolence is diffused from first page to last and you feel rather a beast for not liking the book more.

Mr. Dan Jacobson is an up and coming white hope of fiction from South Africa. "A Dance In The Sun" which is, significantly, his second novel, is very good indeed and written with much assurance. It is quite short, just an odd experience of two young men hitch-hiking to Capetown. At a lonely village in the Karroo desert they put up at the farmhouse of a derelict Boerish couple named Fletcher where there is clearly a very strained situation going on. It turns out that Mrs. Fletcher's drunken brother had recently cohabited - a penal offence in South Africa - with the sister of a Kaffir, Joseph, who is hanging about wanting to know what has become of her. Developments, which include a grotesque smashing-up scene caused by the brother-in-law, are tragi-comical. Everything happens so naturally and unsensationally that you get, at times, a slightly bewildering sensation of obliquity. In fact, the writing and story-telling are quite straightforward. Mr. Jacobson leaves you in no doubt where he stands on the colour-question, but though he tells his story in the first person he never obtrudes an opinion, and manages to get the vital touch of human sympathy into his characterisation of the benighted Fletcher.

"Scene of the Meeting" reinforces my conviction that the Balkans behind the curtain constitute a death-trap for western novelists. Koustant, a proscribed writer, is due to be smuggled across the frontier by a partisan band commanded by a bulldoggish Lesbian, Petra. While waiting for a bridge to be blown up he makes love to Gina, a foreign refugee and former lover of Petra. There is an old man, addressed as "old one". On account presumably of this and of the bridge situation, the blurb says: "In some ways it invites comparison, - and, we think sustains it - with Hemingway's 'For Whom The Bell Tolls'". But nobody obscenities in anybody's slivovitz. "Sweet Satan" is the favourite oath. The writing is suitably jagged and there is much violent action. Mr. Wiles has tried very hard to get an effect of depth, and spiritual as well as political conflict, but has fallen into a crevasse somewhere between the novel and the thriller.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

THE PRIZE PUZZLE

"How Charles Bravo Died." By Yseult Bridges. Jarrolds. 21s.

From the time of the inquest in 1876, when the Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of murder by a person or persons unknown, the death of Charles Bravo has presented a tantalising problem to every amateur criminologist. William Roughead, though unable to include the Bravo case in his Notable British Trials because nobody was ever charged with the murder, called it "the prize puzzle". Many solutions have been proffered, varying in their degree of plausibility, but none hitherto has won the prize. Now Mrs. Bridges thinks she has found the winner; and all devotees of detection had better read her book to see if they agree.

As the final inquest on Bravo occupied the Attorney-General and three other Counsel for twenty-three days at a cost of £20,000 there is no shortage of evidence; and it is to be hoped that nothing relevant escaped notice. Briefly, the facts are these. At 7.30 p.m. on April 18th, 1876, Charles Bravo, a healthy barrister aged thirty, ate a hearty dinner with his newly married wife Florence and Mrs. Cox, her lady companion at Balham. After dinner wife and husband retired to separate bedrooms. About 9.30 Bravo in his night-shirt shouted "Florence! Hot Water". As Mrs. Cox reached him, he was being sick out of the window; he told her he had taken poison. She put his feet in a mustard bath and massaged

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Reprinted from the Daily Express, February 7th, 1956.

DAILY EXPRESS

his heart, but by the time the first doctor arrived at 10.30 he had collapsed and was unconscious. Three other doctors attended him that night and two more later on, so there was no dearth of medical opinion. Bravo came out of his coma about three a.m., and for the next forty-eight hours before he died suffered agonies while remaining fully conscious. What poison had he swallowed? Mrs. Cox had smelt chloroform when she came into the room and there was an empty chloroform bottle on the mantelpiece - but it wasn't chloroform, as the doctors knew well. When asked, Bravo told the doctors he had swallowed laudanum accidentally while rubbing his gums for toothache, and there was an empty laudanum bottle on the mantelpiece - but the doctors could tell that it was not laudanum. Only after his death did an analysis of his vomit on the roof reveal that the actual poison was a huge dose of antimony - and there was no antimony bottle on the mantelpiece or anywhere else in the house. Even an offer of £5,000 reward never produced a clue to that antimony. And antimony works fast: it must have been swallowed within a quarter of an hour of the call for "Hot water".

The possibilities are accident, suicide or murder. The Coroner's jury plumped for a murderer, but refused to name their choice. Perhaps they could not agree because there were too many suspects to choose between. There was Mrs. Cox, a half-caste lady from Jamaica, who admittedly told a few lies and was under a threat of dismissal: there was Florence the wife, who had an ex-lover living almost next door: and there was the ex-lover, Dr. Gully, an eminent homoeopathic practitioner who had seduced Mrs. Bravo years before her marriage. Or perhaps it was a combination of all three, with Dr. Gully supplying the poison and Mrs. Cox at hand to dispose of the incriminating package. But why and how did Bravo swallow it?

I shall not reveal Mrs. Bridges's solution because "How Charles Bravo Died" is far too good a detective story to spoil. All previous accounts of the case prove to have been either garbled or curtailed: and we are greatly indebted to the authoress for the infinite pains she has taken to compile this full-length version from a search of old newspapers and other first-hand sources. Her book is profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs: she makes her narrative vivid and exciting: and the characters are given the full lady-novelist treatment and come to astonishing life. This fulsome method of writing is extremely readable but lends itself to abuse. Mrs. Bridges stands so close to the scene of action in her mind's eye that she almost seems to be listening in Balham: and odd snatches of sentimentality alienate the reader from her serious purpose. Moreover, her eagerness to prove her case renders her somewhat unscrupulous. Her own surmises are slyly introduced as if they were authenticated facts with nothing to show where she shifts from reality to imagination. However, I must admit that she has persuaded me to agree, more or less, with her solution of the mystery: and I should probably agree more, had I been allowed to find my own way and not been so unscrupulously nudged in that direction.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

WEEK-END COMPETITION

No. 1,358

Set by Guy Walsingham

"Good friend, for Jesus's sake forbeare ..." - Marlowe's tomb is frequently disturbed in the interests of scholarship, while Shakespeare lies doggo in his, receiving the homage of a million tourists. Competitors are invited to compose a four-line groan from the ghost of the Murderee of Deptford to the Swan of Avon. Entries by March 20.

RESULT OF No. 1,355

Set by Allan O. Waith

Hilaire Belloc capped the virtuous Isaac Watts's line

Birds in their little nests agree

by adding

With Chinamen but not with me.

The usual prizes are offered for an equally deflating addition to any other well-known first line of verse.

Report

How they kept recurring, the grand old lines of English poesy, in what was possibly a record entry: "Earth hath not anything to show more fair", "Awake, for morning in the Bowl of Night", "I stood tiptoe", the breathless hush, the God-wot garden, the tyger tyger, the traveller from an antique land, the sweet disorder, Julia and silks and Jenny kissing - up they rolled, again and again, to the point at which a firm pencil had to be scored over every entry - even the honourable competitor's from Eton - that doubled up "indigestion" with "... this is the question". It was a competition as entertaining as arduous to judge: and, with gratitude and exhaustion, I print as many as possible, awarding half-a-guinea for each asterisk.

* * It was not like your great and gracious ways
To stand before the window in your stays.

Here in this cool and mossy cell
Our life in Winter's simply hell.

* When you are old and grey and full of sleep
You haven't got to bother counting sheep.

Of all the girls that are so smart
It's Sally'll land you in the cart.

H.A.C. EVANS

* * Go and catch a falling star
Marry her - and there you are.

J. WHITEHEAD

It is not growing like a tree:
In fact, I planted celery.

GOODWILL

In me, past, present, future meet
Expressed with a sublime conceit.

F.L. EDWARDS

* Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who was not, in the Thirties, Red?

G. MOOR

* Here I am, an old man in a dry month
And the local closed for another bloody hour!

* When lovely woman stoops to folly
The evening can be awfully jolly.

MARY DEMETRIADIS

Strange fits of passion have I known
Dispelled by phenobarbitone.

O. BARNES

* Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
I deliver the "Telegraph" under the door.

EDWARD BLISHEN

Full fathom five thy father lies.
His aqualung was the wrong size.

JUNE MERCER LANGFIELD

Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard
By the unmusical are much preferred.

T.S. MORTON

* I will make you brooches and toys for your delight,
When I complete the evening class I started on tonight.

DOUGLAS HAWSON

* That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
I think she helps to brighten up the hall.

BRENDA LEE

* Come, dear children, let us away:
I see this film is censored "A".

J.R. and M.M. TILL

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM.3334. 7.30 (ex. M.) St. Sn. 5, 8. "Waltz of the Toreadors". Mems. 10s. ½ yr.

ROYAL Court. SLOane 1745. Evgs. 8. Sat. 5 & 8. Thurs. 2.30. "The Threepenny Opera".

UNITY: Sartre's "Nekrassov". Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.15. Mems. only. EUS.5391.

TAVISTOCK Repertory Co., Canonbury Place, N.1. (CAN. 5111) Spring Season. March 9, 10 at 7.30 p.m., "Hay Fever" by Noel Coward. March 16, 17, 22, 23, 24 at 7.30 p.m., "He Who Gets Slapped" by Leonid Andreyev.

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY.2345. March 11. "Waterloo Bridge" (A). "Remember That Face" (A).

EVERYMAN. HAM.1525. Until Mar.11: Clair's "An Italian Straw Hat" (U). From Mar. 12: Japanese film season. "The Seven Samurai"(X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, WAT.3232. Sat. March 10, Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Humphrey Bogart in "The Petrified Forest"(A), 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

BRITISH Premiere of a great new Czechoslovak Film, "John Huss", story of the leader of the famous Hussite Movement. Magnificent colour, spectacle, drama, Scala Theatre, Sunday March 18 at 7 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. from British Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Sunday afternoon programmes of Art and documentary films. At 2.30 and 4 p.m. on March 11, 18 and 25, 1956. Printed details sent on application to Curator.

SOVIET films: all colour programme at Scala Theatre, W.1., 7.30 p.m. Tues., March 20. "Cavalier of the Gold Star" and "Bulganin and Krushchov in India". Tickets: 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d. from B.S.F.S., 36, Spencer St., E.C.1.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat. March 10, 8-11. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker Street, W.1. holds dances every Saturday and Sunday from 8 p.m. and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For parties., write Secretary or please call at the Club.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday, March 18 at 3 p.m. Quintetto Chigiano, Quintet in C, Boccherini; Piano Quartet in E flat, Mozart; Quintet, Schumann. WATerloo 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday, March 11 at 3 p.m. Amadeus String Quartet. Quartet in G, Haydn; Quartet in B flat (The Hunt), Mozart; Quartet, Death & the Maiden, Schubert. WATerloo 3191.

DALLAPICCOLA-Waterassi. Piano & violin recital. St. Cecilia Chamber Music Society, M. Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W.1. March 14 at 8. Sonata in C maj., Haydn; Tartiniana No. 2, Dallapiccola (1st perf. in G.B.); Sonata, Rota (1st perf. in G.B.); Two Studies, Dallapiccola; Sonata No. 2, Milhaud. Tickets 6s., 4s., at door.

RECITAL Adda Heynssen, Sat. March 17. Particulars from Mrs. Allen, MOU.8631.

NEW Music - Mon. March 19, 7.30 p.m. Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sophie Wyss, Ruth Dyson, John Burden, Yfrah Neaman & Howard Ferguson.Works by Bhatym, Arnold Cooke, Skalkottas, Gerhard, etc.

EXHIBITIONS

GAYMED Turnstile Print now published: Van Gogh's Basket with Fruit 50s. plus tax 14s. 3d. from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. & all printsellers.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Australian Artists Association Exhibition. Until April 2. (Closed Good Friday). Admiss. free. Mon.-Fri. 10-4.30. Sat. 10-6. Sun. 2.30-6.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Michel Ciry Paintings and Drawings, First London Exhibition - closing April 7. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Monday-Friday. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS - continued

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Josef Herman, an exhibition of paintings and drawings, 1940-1956. Opens March 15. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, Elegance & Sophistication: Painting at the Courts of Fontainebleau and Prague. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: The Work of Curt Herrmann (1854-1929). Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until March 24. 142 New Bond Street, W.1.

POTTERY, Soulpture by S. Reychan in the Craftsman's Market at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent paintings by John Minton. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PEDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Alan Reynolds "The Four Seasons". 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes March 24.

NATURAL History, Biology & Medicine. An Exhibition of recent publications from China, Germany, Great Britain, Poland, the U.S.S.R. and other countries. Collet's Gallery, 45, Museum Street, London, W.C.1. March 6-31. Wk. days 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W. 1. Soulpture by Fred J. Kormis. Paintings by Harold Wood.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Willi Baumeister Memorial Exhibition. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Until April 7.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. "The Seasons", C.A.S. Exhibition at the Tate Gallery, until April 15.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, Soho, W.1. Paintings by Henry Miller (author of "Tropic of Cancer"). Daily 11-6.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

NEW Trends in Soviet Policy: Questions & Answers by Rev. Stanley Evans, Andrew Rothstein & Pat Sloan. (Chair: John Platts-Mills) Conway Hall, W.C.1. 7.30 Fri. Mar. 23. Tkts: 1s. B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer Street, E.C.1.

LA Sonnambula (Bellini): Lecture-recital by Tom Hammond and singers from Sadlers Wells Opera Co. (Arr. by Finsbury Public Libraries) Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1. (near Sadlers Wells). Mon., March 12, 7.30. Admission free.

THE Legal System of Palestine under the Mandate and its effect on Israel. Speaker: Sir William Fitzgerald, M.C., Q.C., on Tuesday, March 13, 1956 at 8 p.m. at the Royal Society of Arts, 8 John Adam Street, W.C.2. Chairman: Professor Norman Bentwich, M.C. Admission 2s. Tickets from Anglo-Israel Association, No.13, Mansfield St., W.1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13, Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sun. March 11, 6.30: Music & Readings. 7 p.m. Virginia Flemming "My Will or Thy Will?"

YOGA. Talks on Saturdays, 2.30. March 17. "The Six-fold Wealth". Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1. Arranged: Shanti Sadan.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Wed. March 14, 6.30: "The Path to Enlightenment - IV. "The Mind-Doctrine of the Buddha", Maung Maung Ji, M.A. Road "The Middle Way". 2s. 6d. quarterly. Information: 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. EUS.7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Branch, Fri. Mar. 16, 8.30. Mr. Somnath Dhar (Assistant Press Attache, High Commission of India). "Folklore of Kashmir". 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., 7.30 p.m. March 15 & 22, Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Suns. 5 p.m. at Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10., for mems. and friends. Meditation & Discourse.

PERSONALIST Group. Public lecture at Conway Hall, Thurs., March 15, 7.30. Paul Senft on "A Psychologist's View of Sexual Morality".

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. at 6 p.m. March 17: Italian Lecture.

HUGH Jenkins: "Though Cowards Flinch" - Democracy, Power & Socialism in the Labour Party. World Socialist Movement meeting. Conway Hall, March 16 at 7. Adm. free.

LECTURES & MEETINGS (CONTD.)

WILLIAM Gallacher speaks on "Marxism on the Clyde" - Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Wed. March 14 at 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s.

CENTRAL Lond. Fabian Society, John Hurling: "American Trade Unionism Today". 7.30, Wed. March 14, 2, Bloomsbury Sq., Holborn, W.C.1. Vis. 2s. or membership 10s. p.a.

ADAMS Gallery, 24 Davies St., W.1. Paintings by Roger Montane. Until March 29. 10-5.30 Sats. 10-12.30.

PUSHKIN Club, 24, Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. PARk 7379. Fri. March 9, 8 p.m. Slavonic Music: recital by young artists. Fri. March 16, 8 p.m. Russian Films (Nature; Folk Tales).

I.C.A., 17, Dover St., W.1. Tues. March 13, 8.15 p.m. 5th in Series on Aspects of Communications entitled "Poetry and the Machine: Some Communicative Problems" by J.F. Harburg. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Wed. March 14, 8 p.m. Jazz; Lecture-recital - personal choice by Reg Butler, and Peter Gammond on "Aspects of Piano Jazz". Mems. 1s. 6d. guests 2s. 6d. Thurs. March 15, 8.15. Seminar by Sir Herbert Read on Suzanne Langer. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Membership invited.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT & WANTED

VIEW Hamp. Heath. d./s. fur. div.-sit.-rm. Use k., b., tel. Reas. Box 2762.

183, Gloucester Place, N.W.1., nr. Baker St. Divan rooms, breakfast, h. & c., bathrooms, £3 7s. 6d. PAD 3818.

TO let furn. Charming sunny bedrm., lovely river view, gasfire, ring, linen, use bathroom, kit'ette. 2½ gns. p.w. to bus. wom. or student (f). Avail. March. RIC 0973.

N. DEVON farmhouse: small s/c. furnished flat to let. e.l., Calor gas, H. & C., rent including e.l. & hot water, 3 gns. weekly. 4 gns. June, July & August. Box 2521.

CORNWALL, Lamorna Cove. 2 caravans only, on beautiful secluded sites, fully equipped, Calor gas, light, heat, ckg., int. sprung mattresses. 2 berth 4-4½ gns. 4 berth 6-8. Gibbs, Lamorna, Penzance.

BOARDING Accommodation with social amenities for ladies and gentlemen under 35, from 47s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms and information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast., dinner opt. Moderate.

ACTON. Young woman offers share of gr. fl. flat. Own bed-sitter 14 ft. x 16 ft., c.h.w. Occasional paid evening babysitting. £2 per week. Box 2878.

LUXURIOUSLY furnished rooms with cooking facilities, hot & cold, service. Singles From £2 15s. Doubles from 4 gns. 29 Ursett Terrace, W.2. AMB 2130.

PLEAS. rm. with h. & c., central htg., priv. tel., balcony, superior Hampstead hse. Sing. £3 15s. p.w. Dbl. £4 4s. Box 2762.

YOUNG woman would like another to share her flat. North London. 35s. inc. Box 2741.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Music/lit. ints. 2 rms., 45s. 6d., 52s. 6d. HAM 8109.

LADY desires home in guest house or residential hotel where meals are served on a communal basis. PRI 5714.

ACTOR reqs. rm. (s) as s/c. as poss. w. tel. & proper ckg. facs. 2 gns. MOU 0991.

YNG. prof. wom. sks. warm, pleas. accomm. within reach Lond. Bridge. Box 2600.

LANDLORDS. An invaluable, reliable but absolutely free serv. to those letting fur. accom. Vacancy normally filled by carefully vetted applicants within 3 days of 'phoning Douglas West Bureau. FRE 5001 (9 a.m. - 7 p.m.), FRE 5790. FRE 9748 (7 p.m. - 10 p.m.).

PROPERTIES TO LET & WANTED

CENTRAL London: Unfd. 2 rooms, kitchen, share bath and phone. Low rent. Will exchange for 3/4 rooms similar convenes. not too far out. Parties. Box 2695.

MEWS flat wanted. References. Please write. Box 2623.

PROFESSIONAL man requires London flat. Offers: Box 2615.

PERSONAL

WIFE, 2 small boys & student husband, offs. pt.-time secr. wk., G.P./dentist, ret. pt. /unfurn. accom. Greater London. Box 2626.

LONDON. Well-ed. German lady (50) sks. comfortable acc. 4-6 wks. Mar./Apr. in Engl. fam. as p.g. to improve English. Hamburg 13, Hochallee 10, Institut für Ferienreisen.

SMALL newly-established business of Interior Decorating and Furniture in provincial city (with growing connection in county) seeks working partner with small investment. Learner would be considered. Accommodation could be provided. Box 2585.

EASTER Weekend/wk. Lands End. Mixed group, road transport inc. Box 3077.

TWO children wanted for Easter holidays. Every care given. Mrs. Labbett, 2 Harpenden Cot, Whatlington Road, Battle, Sussex.

STUDIO to let for artist, non-residential, spacious, near Underground. St. Johns Wood. Tel. HYDe Park 9646 or Box 2719.

FED up with town life? Educ. ex-Londoner seeks partner to expand woodclearing, felling, dry-walling business in Cotswolds. Work taught. Capital £250. Morningdew, Cirencester.

RAVILIOUS. Private collector would like to hear of paintings by Eric Ravilious. Details to Box 2699.

BACHELOR, 34, seeks similar, planning Summer holidays home or abroad. Box 2729.

YOUNG bachelor, cultured, primary interests Leica photography/music, sks. similar, view sharing rooms, London area. Box 2761.

SECONDHAND bookshop. Well-educated young man requires premium apprenticeship. Home Counties. Box 2763.

POSTAL tuition wanted, German commercial correspondence. Must be highly qualified. Typewriter essential. Box 2769.

LIBRARY Association entrance exam. Would qualified librarian give weekly correspondence lessons to June candidate? Box 2739.

SPANISH graduate (f.) (Barcelona) offers Spanish lessons. Box 2773.

GENTLEMAN 38, London N.W., with Hillman car, keen on sport &c., sks. sensible person (m) to share holiday. Box 2850.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 1987.

FIRST year B.Sc. Econ. student seeks tutor for economics & statistics. Box 2986.

FRANCE, sailing through? Paying guest would like join boat party. Fit, active travelled man. Could assist. Languages. Box 2971.

GERMAN stud. reqs. post mother's help. Schäfer, Kiel-Wik, Flensburgerstr., 29.

SARDINIA, 15 days, priv. party, dep. May 5; £50. 9 Oakley St., S.W.3.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni, or your fees refunded. 'Phone WEL.4221 or RIC.3286.

FRENCH girls seek posts in English homes. Domesticated, can look after children, cook etc. Service International d'Echanges, 22, Parndon Road, Oxford.

EASTER Holidays. Our arrangements include Easter parties to Paris, Majorca, Italy (Rome or Rome, Assisi, Florence and the Riviera), Easter ski-ing in Austria and Easter House Party at Bexhill, Sussex, a Music Holiday in Dorset or an Easter party at an attractive Stratford-on-Avon hotel. Write for details of these or Spring and Summer holidays to Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN.0911 & 9225.

NEW kinds of holidays. Our 60-page booklet will tell you about the holidays we have planned for people who want to get off the beaten track. The programme includes sightseeing holidays as well as walking & climbing tours and covers 19 countries. You can go on walking tours in the Alps or Norway, sightseeing in Scandinavia or Greece, stay at mountain centres in Bavaria or France or go touring in Sicily. There are camping holidays in Corsica and on the Riviera, mountaineering courses in Austria, sketching parties at Florence and Paris and a holiday on which you can explore the Dalmatian Coast in a fishing boat - in fact there is endless variety for people who want unconventional holidays. Write now: Ramblers' Association Services Ltd., 48(G4) Park Road, Baker Street, N.W.1.

PERSONAL (CONTD.)

YNG. man, 22, seeks int. inexpens. hol. 2 wks. Summer. Can drive. Box 2628.

THE Baby-sitting Agency has been established at 106 Kensington High Street. Why not call and see us, or telephone WES. 2879.

RUSSIA. The W.T.A. is organising 12, 14 and 18 day tours to Leningrad and Moscow. Departures on June 6, 18, 27; July 4, 16, 25; August 1, 13, 22. Full details from W.T.A. Ltd., Eccleston Crt., Gillingham St., S.W.1.

TEENAGE Holidays. Stimulating & interesting terses. in acting under professional staff. Theatre Club, London, W. 1. & Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey. Easter & Summer 8, 10 or 14 days. Director Marian Naylor. Syllabuses from Registrar: Mrs. L. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

PAINTING Holidays for amateurs and beginners. Yugoslavia, Italy, Mallorca. Painting in atmosphere of unspoilt beauty and pleasant company. Cost includes expert individual tuition, 1st cl. hotels and travel. 39 gns. fully incl. 15 days Easter and Summer. Brochure B. Croll A.R.C.A., London Atelier of Painting, 13 Queens Gdns., London, W.2. AMB 0849/4749.

INTELLIGENT Travel Bureau invites you to join one of their small parties going to Yugoslavia, Italy, Mallorca. Easter & Summer. 39 gns. fully incl. 15 days. Also painting holidays. Brochure Booking Manager, 13 Queens Gdns., London, W. 2. AMB 0849.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) & prospectus world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

P.S. - Harold Ingham thinks it worthy of modest comment that of the first 400 bookings received this year for "Summer Schools Abroad," 124 were from old clients. Surely this proves something or other. You, too, may aspire to life membership after studying a copy of the programme obtainable from Harold Ingham Ltd., 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

WHERE TO STAY

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishops' & Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers ideal accom. for the country-lover. Good food, comfort, delightful surroundings.

CORNISH Riviera (Central): In lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea; modern comfort, notable food in Georgian manor. Own woods. Fishing, boating. Games Room. Wondrous Easter wildflowers. Brochure S, Penquite House Hotel, Golant, Par. Tel: Fowey 124.

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CORNWALL "Cliffside", Port Isaac, tel. 285. Homely guest hse. facing sea. Farm produce, every comfort, excel. catering. 5½-6½ gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126. Book now for Easter.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, centrally heated rooms, tasteful atmosphere. 7½ and 8 gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman M.P.

CWLL. Seafront mid-prom. B. & B. 10s. 6d & 12s. 6d. Steen, 4 Marine Terr. Penzance.

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex. (Eastbourne line) Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

ARDARROCH, Ballachulish, Mountain Centre for Glencoe. Holidays during May, 90s. weekly. S.A.E. for details.

CORNWALL. Country holiday 1½ mls. sea. Mod. comf. Bed, bkfst., evg. meal, 5 gns. Cole, Devonshire House, Rayle Bottoms, Redruth.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 6/7 gns. George and Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

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CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provencal hotel, beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illustrated broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

LECTURE COURSES & SPECIALISED TRAINING

CHINA: Four lectures. First subject "Care and Education of Young Children" by Mrs. Freda Grimble. Chair: Dr. Derek James. Conway Hall, Thursday, March 15, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. (Series 3s.) B.C.F.A., 228, Grays Inn Road, W.C.1. (TERminus 2522).

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Book-Keepers, success. Postal courses. Brochure 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

URCHFONT Manor Selected Courses. Mar. 29 - April 4: Easter Course. "The Reach of Mind" Recent work on extra-sensory perception examined and discussed. April 23-29: "Thinking, Speaking, Writing". Lectures and practical work. May 18-24: "Whitsun Nature Study Course". Fieldwork and lectures. Summer Programme, including Family Courses (July 28-August 17 from the Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wilts.

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THE State of the Party, Fabian Easter School at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, March 29-April 2. Speakers include James Callaghan, Kingsley Amis, Sydney Silverman, Sir Frank Soskice, W.J.P. Webber, Roy Jenkins and John Biggs-Davison. Details: Apply Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

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MUSICAL scholarship, value £150-£200 per annum is offered at Bedales School, Petersfield, to a boy or girl under 14 with pronounced musical ability. Candidates must attend the Entrance Tests. March 27 to 29. Particulars from the Headmaster.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Programme Assistant (male) for Danish Section in London for vacancies likely to occur during year. Requirements include thorough knowledge of Danish (as mother tongue) and English; ability to translate accurately from English into Danish, to read fluently in Danish at microphone and to type; knowledge of present-day international affairs; journalistic or literary experience. Selected candidates will be required to undergo tests. Engagement not normally for more than three years. Salary £860 per annum (with possibility of promotion). Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. marked 1560 N. Stm. within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Educn. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor. The person appointed will be required to take up duty at the beginning of the Academic Year 1956-1957, and will work mainly with teachers in Secondary Modern Schools. The salary will be within the range of £650 x £50 to £1,350 with family allowances and membership of F.S.S.U. Further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned with whom twelve copies of application should be lodged not later than Monday, March 19, 1956. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy only). E.M.Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow, Department of Extra-Mural Education. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor in Science. Candidates should have a good Honours degree in Natural or Physical Sciences. Experience in extra-mural work, while not essential, will be an advantage. The appointment, which will be probationary in the first instance, is on the scale £550 x £50 to £1,000 x £50 to £1,350; the starting salary will depend on qualifications and experience. Full particulars may be obtained from the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, 91, Oakfield Avenue, Glasgow, W.2. Applications must be returned not later than March 15 and the successful candidate will be expected to take up duty on August 1, 1956.

DEPARTMENT of Psychological Medicine, Guy's Hospital. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Department of Psychological Medicine. Candidates will be required to take charge of the Child Guidance Clinic and must have had good experience with children. They should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics and Political Science or its approved equivalent. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications, stating age, experience, together with the names of three referees, should be sent to Superintendent, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge S.E.1., within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

PONTYPOOL Educational Settlement. Applications are invited for the post of Warden's Assistant (Women). Duties include responsibility for Drama Activities and Women's Clubs. Applicants should have organising ability and qualifications in drama. Salary: Burnham Scale. Application form and further particulars from: The Warden, Educational Settlement Rockhill Road, Pontypool, Mon.

LIBRARY Assistant wanted by the British Film Institute, preferably having Group A of the Library Association registration. Typing an advantage. Pay £6. 10s. per week at 23 or according to age & qualifications. Applications to Information Officer, B.F.I., 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - continued

RESEARCH Assistants (two; one may be a woman) required by N.C.B. for enquiry into Social and Industrial factors affecting transfer of miners and families from declining to expanding coalfields. Appointments for one year with likelihood of extension until October 1957. Qualifications in one of the Social Sciences are essential, interviewing experience an advantage. Salary £550 p.a. Write, with full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience to National Coal Board, Staff Dept. (Personnel), Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, London, marking envelope SS/218, before March 20, 1956.

ESSEX Education Committee. Borough of Ilford Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Ilford Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess the Mental Health Certificate of the University of London or other approved certificate or diploma. Salary, in accordance with the current scale of the Whitley Councils for the Health Services (Great Britain), maximum £750 per annum, plus London Weighting. The Clinic is a large one employing two Psychiatric Social Workers and two Psychologists, two Psychologists, two part-time Child Psychotherapists, & has nine Psychiatric sessions. Weekly case conferences are held and P.S.W.'s take part in long-term case-work with the Psychiatrists and Child Psycho-therapists. Applications to be made by letter, giving full details of age, qualifications and experience, to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Ilford, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

SOCIAL Workers required as temporary assistant organisers of children's care work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Possibility of permanent appointment later. Duties concerned with social work in connection with the school health service, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social Science qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary (under review) £506 (at age 24) - £675. Application forms and details obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/369), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. returnable by March 14.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of Housemother of family group home for 10-12 children at Countesthorpe, 6 miles from Leicester. Resident assistant and domestic help employed; relief provided. The Housemother will be completely responsible for the running of the home. Pensionable post subject to medical examination. Salary: £350 x £15 -£410 p. annum, less £108 per annum for board and lodging. Application forms from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester.

LUTON Borough C. Labour Party. Applications invited for full-time Agent. Salary £560 p.a. Particularly suitable candidate might qualify for more. Conditions in accordance with National Agreement for Labour Party Agents. Application forms from Richard Harding, Luton B.C.L.P., 38 Napier Road, Luton, Beds., to whom they should be returned not later than March 31, 1956.

MEDICAL Secretaries required for Psychiatric and General Medical Departments at The Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2. Candidates must be competent Shorthand Typists. Commencing salary within range £240 to £384 per annum from age 18 upwards (or according to scale if already in the Health Service). Lunch available. Applications to be addressed to the Secretary Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

WEST London. Youth Club Leader fulltime required to assist in mixed club and to be particularly responsible for junior clubs. Part-time leader also required 3 or 4 evgs. weekly. Accom. available for single leader. For application forms and details of salary & pension scheme apply to Box 2905.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT (CONTD.)

LONDON County Council. Part-time Educational Psychologist required for six sessions a week at Battersea Child Guidance Unit, 6 Cambridge Road, S.W. 11. Duties include liaison work in schools. Clinical training and teaching experience desirable. Fee £2.2s.6d. a session. Applications by letter, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/W), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. by March 15.(270-)

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THE Progressive English Group needs 4 teachers of English. Some knowledge European languages an advantage. Write only to James Shorrocks, 108c, Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6.

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ENGLISHMAN, 34, abroad, Swiss University degree, bi-lingual French/German, experience International affairs, seeks post Easter Box 2394.

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An enlargement of a Rubens sketch (perhaps from a medal) in the British Museum.

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